

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XVIII. No. 16 }
WHOLE No. 458 }

JANUARY 26, 1918

{ \$3.00 A YEAR
{ PRICE, 10 CENTS

Chronicle

The War.—Neither on the western front nor along the Italian lines has the week been marked by any action of more than local importance. There were raids by the Canadian troops on the German trenches north of Lens and intermittent patrol engagements with the enemy near Méricourt, southeast of Lens. On the left bank of the Meuse, on the Verdun front, there was a steady artillery duel.

On the Italian front the severest fighting took place in the north, in the region of Monte Asolene, where the Italians endeavored to straighten out their lines north of Osteria il Lepre to the head of the Cesilla Valley. On the lower Piave a series of attacks and counter-attacks took place for the possession of the Capo Sile bridgehead, with the advantage finally resting with the Italian troops. According to Berlin, the fighting nowhere yielded the enemy any substantial gain.

The British admiralty has announced that the Turkish cruiser, *Midullu*, formerly the German cruiser *Breslau*, was sunk, and that the *Sultan Yawuz Selim*, formerly the German cruiser *Goeben*, was put out of action in an encounter with British ships by being driven into mine fields on Sunday, January 20, at the entrance of the Dardanelles. The English losses were the monitor *Raglan* and a small monitor, the M-28. Other items of interest are the resignation of the Austrian cabinet, the abrupt withdrawal of Carson from the British cabinet, and the controversy between President Wilson and the United States Senate over a new War Cabinet.

On January 16, owing to the coal famine, an order was issued, with the approval of the President, by the Fuel Administrator Dr. H. A. Garfield, directing practically all industries, with the exception of those engaged in supplying materials under contract to the Government, in the production of food-stuffs and munitions, to suspend for the period of five days beginning Friday morning, January 18, and to remain closed on the Mondays of each week from January 28 to March 25 inclusive. The order, admittedly the most drastic economic measure adopted by any of the nations in the war, and adopted against general protest, provides substantially as follows:

The Garfield Fuel Order

Until further official order, persons selling fuel shall give preference to orders for necessary requirements, of railroads;

of domestic consumers, hospitals, charitable institutions and can-tonments; of public utilities, telephones and telegraph plants; of ships and vessels for bunker purposes; of the United States for strictly governmental purposes; of municipal, county or State Governments for necessary public uses; of manufacturers of perishable food or of food for necessary immediate consumption. On January 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1918, no fuel shall be delivered to any person, firm, association, or corporation, until requirements in the foregoing list shall have been fulfilled. On the dates mentioned and also on each and every Monday, beginning January 21, 1918, and continuing to March 25, 1918, inclusive, no manufacturing plant shall burn fuel or use power derived from fuel for any purposes except—(1) Such plants as from their nature must be operated seven days continuously to avoid serious injury to machinery; (2) Manufactories of perishable foods; (3) Manufactories of foods not perishable and not in immediate demand which may burn fuel to such extent as is authorized by the Fuel Administrator (or his representatives) of the State in which the plant is located, upon application by the United States Food Administrator; (4) Printers or publishers of daily papers may burn fuel as usual excepting on every Monday from January 21 to March 25, 1918, inclusive, on which days they may burn fuel to such an extent as is necessary to issue such editions of papers as are customarily issued on important national legal holidays: where such papers do not issue any edition on a holiday, they are permitted to issue one edition on said Mondays; (5) Printing establishments may burn fuel on January 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, to such extent as is necessary to issue current magazines and other publications periodically issued.

On each Monday, beginning January 21, 1918, up to March 25, 1918, no fuel shall be burned (except to prevent injury to property) for the purpose of supplying heat for: (1) Any business or professional offices, except offices used by the United States, State, county or municipal governments, transportation companies, public utility companies, banks or trust companies, physicians or dentists; (2) Wholesale or retail stores, except under certain conditions, those where medical and drug supplies and food are sold; (3) Theaters and places of amusement, and places where liquor is sold. On the above-mentioned Mondays, no fuel-power shall be allowed for the movement of surface, subway, etc., transportation, in excess of the amount used the Sunday previous thereto. These orders are effective in all the territory of the United States, east of the Mississippi, including Louisiana and Minnesota.

The order is not popular. The New York *World* calls it "the greatest disaster that has befallen the United States in the war. Unless it is revoked it means the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in wages and in products, and a demoralization in industry that can be nothing short of calamitous." To the New York *Sun*, it is "the fruit of the inane, criminal starvation of the railroads by the

Government for a generation" but "it is to be greeted without protest" for a "surgeon is more welcome than an undertaker." The *Tribune* accuses the Fuel Administrator of having lost his head. The *Herald* qualifies the act as a "blow between the eyes of business." The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and the Providence *Journal* recognize in the act a confession and an evidence of incompetency. The Wheeling *Register* declares that "it is justified by the prevailing conditions." It will bring the country to a realization of the fact, "that we are in this war to win, and that upon the people as well as upon the soldiers rest the nation's chances of victory." The Charleston *News and Courier* writes, "It is an exhibition of Federal power such as this country has never witnessed until now." The Portland (Me.) *Press* thinks that it will be regarded in the East as "an acknowledgment of the temporary collapse of the Administration at Washington," an admitted failure to cope with the situation. The Albany *Knickerbocker Press* thinks that it will give Germany renewed hope and "much comfort." The New Orleans *Times-Picayune* believes that it will cause far greater alarm than the conditions warrant.

In a message to the Russian people and an appeal to the inhabitants of the Central Powers, published on January 15, the British Labor Party announced that the **British Laborites** British people accepted the Russian principle of self-determination of **Accept** peoples, and no annexations or indemnities for the British Empire, especially in the Middle East, Africa and India. At the same time the British Laborites adjured the peoples of the Central Empires "to declare themselves or make their Governments speak for them in answer to Russia and ourselves." The document declared that dynastic interests, or class interests or desire to dominate other classes or nationalities "must no more be suffered to prevent self-determination in Central Europe, and thereby imperil it in Europe as a whole, than the interests of British imperialism or British capitalism must be suffered to do elsewhere."

The message put the blame of the rupture of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations on the fact that the Germans refused to recognize the principle of self-determination of peoples and of no annexations. "In thus acting," it said, "the Central Powers are acting clearly in the interest of a militaristic State." In applying the Russian principle to their own case, the members of the Labor party profess themselves conscious of the problem involved, but declare that they will not shrink from it. In the message the following significant passage occurs:

We wish to remind the Russian people that Great Britain, taught by the loss of the American colonies in the eighteenth century, was the first modern State to grant complete self-determination to any group of its inhabitants, for example, the Dominions of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. We accept the principle also for India and other dependencies of the British Empire, though we believe that the record of the British Government here gives little occasion for reproach.

The moderation and the principles of broad and liberal policy of the document have been well received.

An official statement from Berlin, via London, issued on January 17, containing the reply of the Central Powers to the Russian proposals made at Brest-Litovsk, declares that the Russian proposals with regard to the territory occupied by the Central Powers diverge to such a degree from the views held by the latter that in their present form they are unacceptable, and that while the war lasts, Germany and Austria find it impossible to withdraw their troops. With regard to the question of national "self-determination," the document of the Central Powers, says:

The assertion that the right of self-determination is an attribute of nations and not of parts of nations, is not our conception of the right of self-determination. Parts of nations can justly conclude independence and separation. It is by no means assumed, however, that limits of occupation are to be taken as the standard for fixing the boundaries of such portions.

Courland, Lithuania, and Poland also constitute national units from a historical point of view. Germany and Austria-Hungary have no intention of incorporating territories now occupied by them into their respective countries. They do not intend to compel the territories in dispute to accept this or that form of state, but they reserve for themselves and for the peoples of occupied territories a free hand for the conclusion of treaties of every kind. As to the declarations in this respect they pass over the fundamental differences which the constituted delegations are repeatedly pointing out. . . . The Russian proposal is not sufficiently clear in detail and necessitates further explanation. However, it is admitted without further argument that with the progressive approach of a general peace chosen representatives of the people of the country will co-operate to an ever-increasing extent in administrative tasks. The allied (Teutonic) delegations are prepared to agree in principle that the peoples' vote on broad lines be sanctioned on the basis of citizenship. The setting up of a referendum appears to be impracticable. In the opinion of the allied delegations it would suffice if a vote on a wide basis were taken from an elected and supplemented representative body.

It may also be pointed out that the setting up of States within the former Russian Imperial Empire recognized by the Government of the People's Commissaries, such, for instance, as the Ukraine and Finland, was brought about, not in the way of a referendum but by resolutions by a National Assembly elected on a wide basis.

The document states that the Governments of Austria-Hungary and Germany make these proposals in all sincerity, but adds that they represent the extreme limits within which they still hope to come to an understanding.

France.—Sensational disclosures continue to be made in the case of Caillaux. The State Department at Washington has published intercepted messages sent by former

The Caillaux Scandal

Ambassador Count von Bernstorff to Berlin, which show that the former Premier of France was in communication with German agents in Argentina, and that he was recommended for courteous treatment and consid-

eration in the event of the ship on which he sailed from Argentina being captured by a German submarine, that he welcomed indirect courtesies from Bernstorff, and that he was under suspicion by the French Government. Incidentally the despatches throw light on the devious ways of modern diplomacy. Concomitantly with the publication of the Washington disclosures the *Giornale d'Italia* made known the contents of documents found in a safe-deposit box in Florence which had been rented to Caillaux. According to this journal, among other papers there was found a sketch in Caillaux's handwriting of the political program he proposed to carry out, should he again be called to the Premiership. President Poincaré, and all recent political leaders, including M. Briand, were to be arrested. General Sarraill, well known for his active participation in the spy system which was used to discredit the Catholics at the time of the Dreyfus scandal, was to be made commander-in-chief of the French army. The Chamber was to give Caillaux absolute power with which he was to force the dissolution of the Senate and the Chamber and bring about a popular referendum on a peace treaty. Finally a new régime was to be inaugurated in France, limiting the powers of the Senate and the Chamber, but preserving the republican form of government.

The former Premier was arrested on January 14 and was taken to the *Santé* prison, where he is now in custody. In the same prison are Bolo Pasha and others who were connected with the Almereyda and the *Bonnet Rouge* affairs and are charged with trafficking or communicating with the enemy. The charges against Caillaux formulated by General Dubail, the Military Governor of Paris, are that he has been guilty of an attempt against the security of the State by connecting himself with intrigues of a nature to compromise the alliance of France with a foreign Power; of trafficking with the enemy; and of carrying on "defeatist" propaganda.

The arrest of Caillaux has caused a great sensation in Paris, and it is expected that the trial will precipitate a political struggle of the greatest importance. The Chamber supported the action of the Government when M. Clemenceau was charged by Socialist deputies with having arrested Caillaux illegally. The vote sustaining the Government stood 274 to 210. The former Premier's friends are making efforts to have him tried by the High Court instead of the military tribunal.

Among the Catholics of France there is universal jubilation over the taking of Jerusalem. Speaking in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris before a huge throng gathered to render thanks to God for the deliverance of the Holy City, Cardinal Amette voiced the sentiments of all Christians when he said:

French Catholics and Jerusalem

After seven centuries is realized that which Saint Louis and the Crusaders failed to achieve. The Cross is once again triumphant in the place where it was raised for the redemption of the world. Christian Powers again take possession of the in-

alienable domain acquired for them by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and whilst ready to respect the consciences of those who are strangers to their Faith, they are determined never to allow themselves to be deprived of it again. France is there by the side of England, her great ally, and of Italy, her sister; she has her place, one which she could not renounce without abdicating her age-long right and her noblest traditions.

The future of Palestine is attracting much attention, and it is noticeable that those who are pleading for religious toleration are Catholics. Not only has the Archbishop of Paris declared that the consciences of those not of the Faith should be respected, but Mgr. Baudrillart, the distinguished rector of the *Institut Catholique*, has stated the same principle in still more precise terms. Prefacing his solution of the situation by the remark that the final settlement must rest with the Governments, he said:

I may say in general that all Catholics have the same thought and desire: from the religious point of view, they make no demand whatever that those who do not share the Faith should be debarred from the practice of their own religious beliefs. With regard to the Jews we are the first to recognize that they have the right to have their liberty of conscience fully respected. We are not unmindful that the very grandeur of Jerusalem came originally from them, and that they have not failed to proclaim in the face of paganism their belief in the one God.

Mgr. Baudrillart went on to show that the political domination of the Holy City by the Jews rested merely on hypothetical grounds, which would not be changed no matter how numerous the influx of Hebrews; they could hope at most to share the rights enjoyed by others. For the Mussulman Arabs he claimed the same toleration. Whatever might be the final settlement, he declared that the Christians, whose armies had entered Jerusalem, should retain possession of it. France, he hoped, would continue the protectorate to which the Syrians and Maronites were accustomed, and which had hitherto been exercised in virtue of a special grant of the Holy See and traditional privileges.

Ireland.—During the course of a speech delivered recently in Galway, Mr. de Valera spoke at length on the plans of Sinn Fein. According to the *Weekly Freeman* he

Sinn Fein's Ambition

Dealt with the government of Ireland by England, the sacrifices which were necessary to win reforms, the statements of English Ministers in regard to the position of small nationalities, a speech delivered by Mr. Redmond in 1902 in connection with the coronation of King Edward; the progress of the Sinn Fein movement, and the question of the representation of Ireland at the peace conference.

The temper of the speech and the party can be estimated by these excerpts:

After speaking of the fact that, as Chancellor Plunkett had stated, the Union was a nullity and did not deserve any obedience from Irishmen, and that there had been no Constitution in the country since England robbed Ireland of her own Constitution, this man (Mr. Redmond) stated:

"Never for one single hour since the Union has Ireland

been a constitutionally governed country. Never for one hour has the Sovereign of England been the Constitutional Sovereign of Ireland. Ireland, in effect, has, since 1800, been governed as a Crown Colony with certain empty forms and pretenses of constitutionalism. Never for one single hour has the English Government of Ireland obtained the assent or approval or confidence of the people of Ireland. Never for one single hour have the elected representatives of the majority of the Irish people had the control of even a potent voice in the government of their country. Never for one hour has the English Government of Ireland rested upon anything but naked force and unabashed corruption. Never for one hour has the British Constitution been in force in this country, whose own Constitution was destroyed. In 100 years 87 Coercion acts have been passed in spite of the protests of the Irish members; there have been martial law, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the suspension of trial by jury, and suppression of free trade. No single reform, large or small, has ever been obtained by purely constitutional methods."

Those words were spoken by the leader of what was called the Constitutional party in Ireland—by Mr. John Redmond—in 1902, when Mr. Redmond had an inkling of what Sinn Fein meant, because the occasion on which that speech was delivered was the crowning of King Edward VII. The loyal Imperialist party thought it well at that time, instead of going over to London to participate in the rejoicing that accompanied the crowning of King Edward, to stay in the City Hall of Dublin to show the world that King Edward was not a constitutional monarch in Ireland, and to make it clear to the world that Ireland did not regard English laws and English institutions as deserving of the obedience of Irishmen.

That was Sinn Fein in 1902. That was before the Irish party lost their backbone and before they got corrupted by the English atmosphere. When you read these things you find it very difficult to believe that men who were capable of thinking as those men thought fourteen or fifteen years ago could be in earnest or serious when they attack our policy today. That is why I, for one, find it so hard to believe that it is not merely party interests that are making them abuse us today.

De Valera then urged his listeners to make it clear to the world that their ambition is that of the race in the past, the ambition of being an independent sovereign nation, a nation among nations. Ireland's most urgent task, he declared, is to convince the world that the whole country is as Roscommon, Longford, Kilkenny and Clare. In this way entrance to the peace conference will be gained. Great progress in this direction has already been made, so much indeed that when England speaks of the freedom of small nations, she is met with the question: "What about Ireland?" In the end De Valera urged the people to put the freedom of the country above themselves, and he petitioned them to sweep Parliament clear of the Nationalists, at the first opportunity.

Little is known in Ireland about the progress of the Convention. The *Irish Weekly Independent* for December 29 prints the following statement from Sir Horace Plunkett:

There have been no unnecessary delays in the Convention; any delay that has been caused is to be explained by one consideration only, and that is that every member of the Convention is determined to do his utmost to arrive at a settlement which will come in under the definition of a substantial agreement. Everybody knows that the Irish question was never a single

political problem, and that all political problems are far more complicated and difficult at this stage in the world's history than he (Sir Horace) supposed they had ever been before.

We are making progress. We have agreed on many things. There are some things on which we have not agreed. I cannot tell you yet that we will be able to present a unanimous end of our deliberations. We shall leave the Irish question better than we found it, because we shall have agreed on many reports. I can tell you that those who have to complete the task which we may have left unfinished will find that they have a much simpler work to do than we had.

Perhaps I might mention one detail. Part of our work, and our most troublesome work, is trying to untangle the problem of the completion of land purchase . . . but the work that has been done by the sub-committee of the Convention upon that problem is very likely to produce a solution that the country will approve. The report of the sub-committee has still got to be debated in full session, but the many experts on the subject I have consulted are quite as pleased as I am at the results so far attained. I will ask you to have patience with the Convention, and not to believe everything you hear about it. It is perfectly true we have been often on the rocks, and probably shall be on the rocks again, but there are always tugs lying by ready to pull us off. We will get off somehow, and I myself am very hopeful of the ultimate result.

Though this looks hopeful some American papers recently declared that so far the Convention has been a failure.

Rome.—The discourse of the Holy Father in answer to the Christmas greeting addressed to him in the name of the Sacred College of Cardinals by its Dean, Cardinal

Vannutelli, is characterized by intense sadness. Referring to the

The Pope's Christmas Allocution failure of his peace proposals, the Pope declared that he had merely gathered together the principal points of agreement which had been given official publication by the various nations and proposing them to the heads of the belligerents, he had but one motive in so doing, namely, to facilitate the consummation which is the object of every heart's desire. The refusal of the nations to listen to him, and the suspicions and calumny to which he had been subjected made him realize that he had been set for a sign which should be contradicted, but in spite of all this he expressed the hope that the seed sown, like that in the Gospel, was only passing through the process of disintegration, and would yet bear fruit.

There is an eloquent passage in the address in which he proclaims his determination to carry on the pacific mission of Jesus Christ, and declares that no obstacle and no danger, so far as he can see, will be able to make him fail in his duty, as the representative of the Prince of Peace. With his eyes wide open to the full extent of the tragedy, the paroxysm of mutual destruction, and the impending suicide of Europe, the Holy Father views the situation with the vision of faith, and invites the nations to turn from the official impiety and the atheism, masquerading under the guise of civilization, to which must ultimately be traced the responsibility for the war.

"Art as a Religion"

JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH.D.

NOT long since I quoted the distinguished president of the most numerous attended university in this country to the effect that a great many professors take advantage of whatever prestige their positions afford them to carry on proselytism of various kinds both within the student body and before the general public. The worst offenders in this regard have probably been the assistant professors and the lecturers. It takes a young man calmly to tell the world that it never knew anything before his time and knows very little today, but that there is a chance to learn something by availing itself of the opportunity of drinking in knowledge at its fountainhead by listening to the lessons he has to teach. These remarks are made apropos of a lecture given by an associate professor of the simple, and usually quite inoffensive, subject of English.

It is often assumed that the sole danger of a secular university is to be found in the departments of philosophy and science. It is rarely suspected that even the chair of English language and literature can be turned into a pulpit from which thoughts on everything, from morality to mysticism and from sin to Satan, can be preached. In fact, it matters little what subject a man may teach. He can avail himself of any topic as a medium for the propaganda of heterodox views.

It was at the second most numerous attended university of this country and on the occasion of a popular lecture that the assistant professor of English proceeded to discuss "Art as a Religion." He began by suggesting that "The four chief offsprings [I do not like the word, it is his] of the spirit of man are philosophy, science, religion, art." He went on to say, with an assurance that is disturbing even though many may to a considerable extent agree with him, that: "It is beyond contention that the constitution of society today is most woefully unsatisfactory. Our cities are jungles. . . . Animals in the jungle may kill each other for food; but they do not kill each other to provide their females with seal-skin coats and ropes of pearls or themselves with whiskey and tobacco." He then proposed to review "the activities of the spirit of man in the hope that however small may be the results we can achieve, we will do something to clarify the issues for friendliness sake and for decency sake on earth and for God's sake at large." There are many people just now, from Mr. Wells up and down, who are inclined to think that God has been neglecting His work in the universe and that they could set Him right. Most of them, curiously enough, seem to be of the class which has only recently discovered that there is a God.

In the article under stricture the four achievements of the spirit of man, philosophy, science, religion, art, are then called up in order, to see whether any of them can be helpful. "Philosophy is taken first because it has least to offer, of ready serviceableness in every-day affairs. Philosophy is the product of the garden and the closet rather than the street. It requires leisure and indulgence in order to arrive at its best results." Poor philosophy then is thrust aside as unserviceable and her younger sister science is summoned to see whether she has anything more hopeful to offer.

It will surely be disturbing to those who have been very proud of our recent progress in science and thankful for the help it has given us "in the struggle with our natural enemies particularly our ancient and relentless foes, space and time," to read of the place of science in life.

Science, according to the lecturer, is a prostitute in the street [I fear that I do not like the figure very well, for while a man may call a spade a spade he need not call it a blank shovel], ready to serve at the bidding of any brute who wants its services. All that science has done remedially or constructively in the world does not equal a tenth of its power for mischief. It has promoted comfort, but not security. At the present moment science is mainly figuring as the mailed glove on the fist of brute force in the world.

The assistant professor in English insists that "Science before all the other activities of our so-called civilization will need to be brought to account and subjected to a control that so far it has never been subjected to." It is refreshing to have authority vindicated and to have thus pointed out the necessity for the control of men and their discoveries. Such wisdom generally comes from other sources.

Then comes the turn of religion. The professor confesses that "Whether there is anything to be hoped for from religion depends on what we mean by religion. Religion is rapidly becoming in the world today a state of abstraction like metaphysics. It has nothing to do with the practice of life." Life has become the mere exemplification of the struggle for existence and the devil takes the hindmost.

Religion is in a painful state of straddle. It stands neither for God nor Caesar but compromises on both. It is in that dichotomy, in that condition of moral paralysis that the ineffectiveness of modern religion lies. Between the rival claims of God and mammon our clerics come to grief rather dolefully.

Religion, he holds, as now understood by a great many people, and especially the intelligent rich, is something that is useful mainly in making people satisfied with their lots, no matter how hard those lots may be. "Civilization was once defined to me by a young millionaire, a generous and well-disposed young man, as the 'game of

keeping the under dog from knowing he is the under dog." Just why the word civilization should be in the galley with religion is not so clear.

What is surprising, of course, is that such a parody or caricature should be taken to signify religion. Here is a teacher talking seriously about religion and yet without an understanding of his subject. Doubtless a smattering of some evangelical sectarianism was given him when he was young, perhaps he has read a religious book or two since then, and now considers himself qualified to speak authoritatively. It would be safe to wager that this young man, for he is mentally young and has all the refreshing audacity of youth no matter how old he may be in years, has never read a Catholic book. I know, of course, that Catholic books are dangerous to read. The professor of history at Luther's own university of Halle-Wittenberg read a single Catholic book and became a convert to Catholicism. I refer to Professor von Ruville, who had written several books on older German history and modern English history, and yet confessed that he had never read a Catholic book. He thought that he perfectly understood the Catholic position. He had learned about it from those outside of the Church; why, then, should he read Catholic books? Yet it would have been well for this young man to have read some Catholic literature before summing up modern religion and calmly rejecting it as deficient. However, the rejection was cleverly done. His talk bristles with smart expressions. There is an aphoristic summarizing of modern tendencies that would be particularly attractive for young minds. What they want above all is formulas that represent short cuts to conclusions which make them feel that they are thinking. Thinking is rare enough in the modern time. We read too much to give time to thought. Yet people like to imagine they are thinking, for to such aphoristic expressions are particularly welcome, and they would find the associate professor's summary conclusions very attractive.

Having summed up philosophy, science, and religion, and shown that they are of no service, "art remains." Herein, the professor believes, lies our only hope.

Men decide and act by the art that is in them. . . . Here is no preaching Jesus and practising Mrs. Grundy. Art speaks with a full voice. She does not look askance and purse her lips like a village gossip and speak slander amiably; though some-

times—as in Wilde, Whistler, Beardsley—she may speak the truth with too sharp a flavor of malevolence.

Art is then the hope of the world, though the worthy lecturer confessed that it speaks not by the book, but by the response of the sympathetic and nervous system. Art is paramount and art for art's sake must not be gainsaid. Truth is not indecent. The all-sufficient law for the government and judgment of art is that, if it be intrinsically honest and truthful, it cannot be immoral. The great apostles of art for this teacher of literature are of course the literary men rather than the painters. He has named them: Tolstoy, Shaw, Ibsen, Moore, Wilde. Unfortunately some of the works of these literary artists have been "arbitrarily seized and suppressed in the blessed and holy name of public decency as understood by our censors and our purity leagues." "Their labors have been ruthlessly seized by the minions and myrmidons of perfunctory morality, its property, rights trampled and invaded on, the fruit of its honesty and possibly of years of toil confiscated."

So this young man tells the world how it shall be saved through art. No wonder that the word *sophomore*, which originally meant a contentious young student intent on arguing, the old sophister of the Greeks, gradually came to be changed to the spelling sophomore which now brings it closely in touch, etymologically, with the Greek *sophos* and *moros*, meaning "wise-foolish." Someone defined a "highbrow" as "a person who has more education than he has intelligence for." Such is the affliction of many of our young people today. But it is surprising that a great university should permit propaganda work of this kind to be carried on under the aegis of its name and its prestige. The university in question has established a series of popular lectures which are supposed to enable the public to understand the latest opinions regarding progress in the various branches of the university life. This species of *sophomoric* exhibition is little calculated to do any good to anyone, least of all to the university. Unfortunately young folks are attracted by such sensational expressions of opinion and are tempted to think that there must be some reason for them, and above all that they indicate progress. In reality they represent nothing more than the old-fashioned protests against conservatism and the well-known attempt to substitute sentimentality for religion.

Conscription in Ireland

WILLIAM J. M. A. MALONEY, M.D.

THE propaganda methods of those whom fate has made physically or mentally kin to Viscount Northcliffe no more astonish us. But a few weeks ago even non-Northcliffe newspapers in England began to fill with Irish news, so uniform in nature, and so unanimous in purpose, as to raise the fear that Bolo had escaped from France. This Boloism may have been

wholly unrelated to the official announcement in November that the Government had just allotted £200,000 (\$1,000,000) for war purposes to Sir Edward Carson.

The anti-Irish propaganda was directed toward the alienation of the world's sympathy from Ireland. Day after day, Ireland was pictured as a prosperous land, teeming with food, full of fine fighting material, and cal-

lous to the world's sufferings. No action was suggested to commandeer the fabled stores of food but a campaign for conscription in Ireland was begun, and carried on with increasing intensity until now it is fast reaching its climax.

As the demand for fighting men on the western front not merely remains insatiable but becomes ever more urgent in spite of the utmost military thrift, the newspaper campaign for conscription in Ireland bears the aspect of being a constructive military measure to promote that success in the war which we so much desire. And among the uniformed and uninformed war-weary people in England, as ignorant of history as they are of Sanskrit, there is the consciousness of unity with Ireland which is expressed in the designation of "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," a consciousness from which springs as natural a resentment against the unconscribed Irish, as a smarting curtailed dog may reasonably feel against its more or less fortunate uncurtailed fellow.

The Redmondites, and those who dread the danger which will attend the enforcement of the draft in Ireland, plead that Ireland has already contributed nearly 200,000 men to the Allied cause; that over 600,000 men of Irish blood are in the Allied forces; and that Ireland needs her men to supply England with food. But this plea is not debatable, for even Canada supplied proportionately nearly the same quota as Ireland but nevertheless adopted conscription and the selective draft in Ireland would exempt the farmers needed to ensure the food supply of England.

The Sinn Fein or Republican party through their leader, Mr. de Valera, declared recently at Mohill, that the Irish are as ready now as they have always been to aid the oppressed in every land, and that if this is to be a war truly for the liberation of small nationalities, let England but give an earnest of her sincerity of purpose by granting freedom to Ireland, and another half-million Irishmen will go to fight in Flanders. An analogous statement was made on behalf of the Boers—the majority of whom are also seeking to regain their freedom now, through their spokesman, Mr. Hertzog. The conquered white nationalities of the British Empire, the Irish, the Boers, and the French, are more acutely interested in resisting their own suppression within that Empire than in surrendering what is still left to them of nationality, for the sake of conserving and aggrandizing that Empire. Yet recent dispatches from Ireland state that thousands of young Irishmen have asked for passports to enable them to join the American army.

Every Irish Republican is, *ipso facto*, a conscientious objector to imperial conscription, whether enacted by the British Parliament in London, or by the mandate of a British appointed body in Dublin. Lord Wimborne, the Viceroy of Ireland, complains that all are conscientious objectors in Ireland. Lord Derby laments the military cost of handling the 3,000 conscientious objectors in Eng-

land. There are, at least, 250,000 enrolled Republicans in Ireland. To manage them, the British army of occupation in Ireland would need to be increased; that increased army would be a further drain on the Allies' scant supplies, and its activities would mar the moral righteousness of the Allied cause. Conscription in Ireland would, therefore, hinder the war.

But apart from the effect upon the war, conscription in Ireland is advocated by the English Imperialists who reason somewhat as follows: "The British Empire is at war. Ireland is part of that Empire and shares its privileges and glories. There is conscription in Britain, Jamaica, New Zealand, and Canada. Ireland also must share the responsibilities of the Empire. Ireland must be conscripted." To these Imperialists, who have abolished the power of parliament in England and themselves wield the executive power, conscription is a measure to consolidate the Empire, to extend the principle of unity of sacrifice within the Empire, on behalf of the Empire, to the recalcitrantly separatist colony of Ireland.

According to Irish Republicans, England is the Empire for she, alone, exerts imperial authority; she, alone, controls imperial affairs; she, alone, has the power of peace and war; and the Empire is exploited almost solely for the good of the English ruling class. Ireland neither enjoys nor desires imperial privileges: and Ireland's share of imperial glory is the wooden cross on the battlefields of the Empire. England's wars are not Ireland's wars. England, by her execution of the Dublin rebels, showed that Ireland held within the British Empire the position of a land whose people were more alien and more subject, and therefore, more liable to repressive measures, than the Boers in the De Wet rebellion of 1914. Ireland wants to sever all connection with this Empire, ruled by the old and the fat and the selfish: so the Republicans have united to establish a new order in which youth will sacrifice itself only for the common good, that national right may triumph over alien might, and that in unity of suffering the people of Ireland may strive to elevate the spirit of the nation till it becomes once again an inspiration to the world. Thus the Republicans reason.

The Imperialists incited the British army to mutiny at the Curragh in 1914; fomented the Carson rebellion, which was one of the Kaiser's incentives to this war; and imperiled the success of the war that they had thus helped to provoke, by diverting from France that army which now occupies Ireland, together with machine-guns, armored cars, and artillery, all to keep Ireland articulated to England.

It is perhaps an accident that Lord Lansdowne's peace proposals and the proposal to conscript the Irish synchronized so closely with the announcement that the Irish Convention had reached an agreement which was about to be made public. Lord Lansdowne, who is also Baron of Kerry and a great landowner in Ireland, was instrumental in defeating the scheme that Lloyd George devised, a scheme by which certain counties in Ulster

were partitioned from the rest of Ireland where a form of Home Rule was to be enforced, a scheme the Redmondites accepted shortly after the Dublin rising. Rather than countenance any measure of Home Rule for Ireland, Lord Lansdowne, who had earlier been undismayed, if not encouraged by the Carson rebellion, resigned from the Cabinet. By his action then he withdrew his services from the British Government in the extremity of its struggle against Germany. He became the leader of "The Lose-the-War Imperialists," the group of English Imperialists who, with the Carsonites, would risk the loss of the war against Germany rather than see England's hold upon Ireland relax. His recent peace gesture indicated that in the interests of the British Empire he and his followers deemed it desirable that the war should now end. The grant of some form of self-government to Ireland was confessed by Mr. Lloyd George, when the Irish Convention was proposed, to be a matter of expediency, a war measure. The end of the war would, of course, remove the need for this particular war measure. Any Irish executive that might result from the labors of the Irish Convention would in a conscripted Ireland hold power solely by grace of the British army of occupation, an impossible condition for national government. So if the war may not now end there is still the hope of conscription in Ireland to defeat automatically any form of government in Ireland upon which the Convention has decided.

The result of this agitation to introduce conscription into Ireland will therefore afford an index to the war aims at present dominant in England, an index which will be almost as illuminating with regard to the future as the secret treaties published by the Bolsheviki were to the past. The treatment of Ireland now will serve as a barometer to the state of democracy in England, from which may be forecast the English spirit which will prevail at the Peace Conference, where democracy is to be made safe for the world, as well as the spirit in which the British Empire is henceforth to be organized. For no matter what concessions distance and expediency have commanded hitherto, even the most independent and remote colony must ultimately become as Ireland or as the United States. The fate of Ireland today will be the fate of the other colonies tomorrow.

Practical Applications of Socialism

EBER COLE BYAM

DURING the past several years a number of sinister events have thrust upon the world's attention a multitude of startling examples of the practical application of Socialism. Perhaps nine men out of ten are more or less tinctured with that philosophy, many of them without realizing it, and some of whom would hotly resent the implication. Others there are who are knowingly attracted by the specious arguments and more moderate theories about economic readjustment. The rank and file, however, are frankly hostile to any au-

thority, and find their real expression in the violence advocated by the I. W. W.

To attempt any hard-and-fast classification of Socialists is futile, for it is safe to say that there are as many separate schools of Socialism as there are individuals professing it, each disciple leaning more or less toward extreme radicalism or moderation, according to his or her degree of education and mental balance or lack of it. There are some rich Socialists, it is true, but this is a fact that proves nothing beyond the previous statement. As a rule the Socialist ceases to be such as soon as he has acquired a piece of property. All of which is a symptom worthy of note by those whose aforementioned balance may have been inclining them in the direction of radicalism.

Principal among the factors that lead people of seeming intelligence into Socialism is an impulsive sympathy which seeks to discover some single cause, element, or class, upon which to fasten the responsibility for the world's misfortunes. They see the poor in seeming misery, and the rich in seeming content, a contrast they would abolish by exterminating the rich. The arm-chair or soap-box Socialist can paint harrowing pictures of living conditions among the laboring poor, and the melancholy fact is that they are too often true. The fatal error, however, is that which ascribes these conditions to causes which are but infinitesimally and remotely responsible. These alleged causes are wealth and the possessors of wealth. This is not a modern theory by any means. Thousands of years before there were any corporations or millionaires there were attacks upon wealth. Those who have increased their possessions by industry and thrift have ever aroused the resentment and envy of their less-intelligent neighbors.

For several years we have seen in Mexico the practical application of Socialism. Of course the Mexican Socialist does not call himself a Socialist, not he; he calls himself a "Liberal," a bit of political *camouflage* that earned the material assistance of the great and powerful United States Government. They even have a Mexican equivalent of the I. W. W. known as the "*Obrero Mundial*." For three-quarters of a century the revolutionary activity in Mexico has been recognized as Socialistic, so that it is safe to refer to it as a practical demonstration of the effects of Socialism. During the thirty-year rule of Porfirio Diaz the Socialists were compelled to seek refuge in the United States and Mexico became prosperous. With the rise of Madero they returned to find their extreme expression in Carranza and his bandits. Before the days of Diaz the only corporate body possessing wealth was the Church, and so the cry has ever been against that institution. With the coming of the modern business corporations under Diaz attention eventually was attracted to them and they came in for their share of attack. The revolutionists of a hundred years ago began by confiscating the money, goods and other property of the wealthy, and then exil-

ing them. Many of them were murdered in cold blood. Today we find a repetition of those events. The murder of the individual was an effective way of preventing him from reaccumulating wealth. With the Church it was found necessary to pass laws to that end. These laws were not altogether successful in their aim and so now the effort is being made to murder even the Church.

If Socialism were true to its profession of faith, it might be tolerated in spite of the self-evident destructiveness of its theories. It cries out against war, yet wages the most vicious of all wars, destroying the accumulated labors of generations, and respects neither age, sex, nor condition; the outraging of women being one of its commonest activities. Naturally enough, the more educated leaders profess to repudiate these acts, but they do not hesitate to avail themselves of the criminals' services to gain their ends and they conveniently fail to punish the culprits. They talk loudly about liberty and cry out against oppression, yet when in power they laugh liberty to scorn and out-tyrannize the worst tyrants in history. Socialism thus showed its true self in Mexico and now is showing itself in Russia. How many more such terrible examples must be furnished before the civilized nations of the earth awake to their danger and rise up to strike it down? The Socialist pretends to cry down nationalism and babbles about internationalism; yet in practice he becomes not merely provincial, but extremely parochial. In this we see a hint of the real underlying cause and inspiration of the philosophy; and when its communistic aims are considered, as well as its murderous activities, it becomes plain that Socialism is in reality nothing more nor less than a recrudescence of the primitive tribal instinct in man, seeking expression in dynamite instead of in the use of a club.

The primitive tribes view all strangers with dislike and distrust; Socialism drove the foreigners from Mexico and the same has been done in some parts of Russia. The tribesman resents authority and discipline; so does Socialism. The tribe is communistic; so is Socialism. The tribesman cherishes the liberty to murder and outrage; so does the Socialist. Undoubtedly Socialists will resent such a comparison and many would offer more or less blatant explanations of their theories, but the practical facts are such as have been demonstrated in Mexico and in Russia.

Fortunately for Americans, these practical experiments in Socialism have been made in other lands, but the same elements of destruction exist in the United States and have not been idle. This has been demonstrated in numerous instances during the last few months when a state of war has permitted drastic protective measures to be taken. The war, however, is not going to last forever, and when it is over the Socialistic element is quite likely to attempt to establish the same chaos now existing in Mexico and in Russia.

In examining Socialism the American must not give ear to the college professor with his theories expressed

in confusing rhetoric, but rather must he view Socialism in its practical workings. There he will find that the supposed leaders, or intellectuals, are but chips in the bloodthirsty gutter of radicalism. The average sociologist is a near-Socialist and takes it for granted that crime and criminals are due to environment. The Socialist echoes this assumption and joins the sociologist in charging environment to the rich. In the practical application of this assumption the Socialist kills the rich man and sets free the criminals confined in the jails and penitentiaries. This was done in both Mexico and Russia.

In Mexico the proletariat swarmed from its hovels and overran the homes of the well-to-do, only to destroy, and then return to its hovels. Many of the leaders saw in the homes of the wealthy so many sources of plunder. None sought to improve living conditions through a reasonable compensation for honest toil. What they sought was to avoid toil altogether, at the expense of others. In thus offering itself as a concrete example of the practical application of Socialism Mexico has intensified its miseries many-fold and has destroyed the only elements able or willing to lead its people into better ways of living.

To those who have never lived among a primitive people it is difficult, if not impossible, to recognize those characteristics which are peculiar to them. Those, however, who are at all familiar with the mode of life of the American or Mexican Indian cannot help but recognize in his mode of life the goal toward which Socialism inevitably tends. Even the Indians have had their I. W. W. counterparts in the Apaches, those vagabond savage outlaws who procured their women, their food and their horses by stealing them from their more industrious neighbors. To one who has lived among a primitive people the city slum appears but the logical consequence of permitting the tribesman to live there. If he lives with his family in a single room in a city slum, the chances are a thousand to one that, if left to his own resources in the country, he would be content to live in a one-room hut and would confine his labors to the procuring of barely sufficient food to last over to the next harvest. Such an individual cares little for the comforts of civilization, but, true to tribal instincts, he resents their possession by others; and, when roused by unscrupulous politicians, seeks, not division, but destruction. He does not desire a greater remuneration for his labor so much as an opportunity to avoid labor altogether. Whatever else Socialists may allege, this is the real fundamental impulse which inspires their following, a fact which has been demonstrated both in Mexico and in Russia.

One does not have to go to an Indian reservation, or to Mexico, to find the primitive tribesman. He is in our midst, and, although his skin is white, and he wears neither feathers nor war paint, yet he is as eager as any dark-skinned brother to pillage and destroy.

Our Friend the Utilitarian

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

NOT for the world would I suggest that modern philosophy might plagiarize. Less still would I hint that it had taken to its heart a principle which Jesuits have grown weary repudiating. But sometimes it looks suspiciously as if the dear old despised principle that the end justifies the means had got a new dress and a new name and become utilitarianism. When the old-line moralists raise a voice of protest against birth-control, its defenders do not proclaim that birth-control is a moral action; but with frenzied accents and a tremolo stop, they point to the mothers whose lives it will save, to the over-population it will prevent, to the increase of quality in the race as against mere quantity. And you get the same answer when you question the morality of euthanasia and divorce and half the modern evils; it's useful, and therefore moral.

Normally we talk as if the willing surrender of one's chastity is a distinct moral wrong; yet when Monna Vanna goes to the general of the besieging army to deliver up, if need be, her chastity to save her people, one would think from the pitying sobs and the patter of approval that she was a Christian martyr walking into the jaws of a lion. The end she had in view was the saving of her people; so it really did not make much difference about the means she employed to attain her end. And Monna Vanna is only an example in heroic size of the thousand heroines and heroes who do wrong that right may come of it. From this to utilitarianism is not even a short step, for, says the utilitarian, any action is moral which is useful for the happiness of the individual or the race.

Of course, he continues, there is a difference between actions morally good and actions morally bad. Anyone whose brain has not been permeated with the fog of moral skepticism or addled by the heat of passions long indulged can see that. But the only difference between them is their ultimate effect on the temporal happiness of the individual or the race. If he stresses the effect of happiness on the individual, he calls himself a hedonist. If the happiness he has in mind is the greatest temporal happiness of the greatest number, he calls himself a social utilitarian.

Hedonism, as you can readily imagine, is a delightful moral system for any pagan age. Epicurus was the first to form it into a clear philosophical system, and every young blade in Athens or Rome who sought to dignify his passion for wine and pretty slaves with the name of philosophy called himself an Epicurean. But today, Hedonism is chiefly a working hypothesis; and one does not brag too loudly if he works by it. But social utilitarianism, with its large-minded affectation of sympathy for the majority, is distinctly in favor. Your social utili-

tarian points to the factories whose smoke is the ubiquitous symbol of a nation's prosperity, to the universities and art museums and dramatic renaissances which stand for a nation's culture, to the polling-booths and the free hospitals and the labor pensions and public playgrounds which mark the century's social development. Any act, he contests, which promotes these things, resulting thus in the greatest good for the greatest number, is morally good. Any action which impedes this good of society is morally bad.

It is not surprising that in this day of King Motor one should forget the use of harness and hitch the cart in front of the horse. And this is precisely what the utilitarian does. An act, says the utilitarian, is good because it is useful. The whole difficulty with that sentence is that the clauses have been inverted. It should read: An act is useful because it is good. There is a vast difference between saying: "I like this machine because it can make sixty miles an hour," and "This machine can make sixty miles an hour because I like it."

Now I quite willingly concede that every good action is ultimately—and I stress the adverb—bound to serve the interests both of the individual and the community. But there are certain good actions, like dying for the truth or sacrificing a nation in the interests of justice, which certainly bring little temporal happiness compared to the temporal ruin they involve. They would seem to be good in spite of their inutility to the individual. And so when I say that good actions are always ultimately useful, I have my eyes fixed not merely on the utility in this life, but the higher utility of an immortal soul in another life. Still, even in this case an act must be good before it can be ultimately useful.

Once more, we must resort to a comparison. A vacuum-cleaner, if one may trust the hyperbolic pages of the advertising section, is eminently useful; but before it can be useful, it has to be a good vacuum-cleaner, or, to be specific, the one mentioned in the particular advertisement you happen to be reading. No one nowadays, at least in theory, questions the utility of dentists; but long before a dentist is trusted to preside at the obsequies of a pet nerve, men make very sure that he is a good dentist, technically skilful and acquainted with the science of his profession. In very much the same way the utility of an action will depend on its inherent goodness. Just as a naval expert by examining a turbine can tell what benefit it will bring our navy, so a moralist by examining the nature of an act can tell its bearing on human happiness. But the reason which makes a turbine a good turbine and an act a moral act must be sought elsewhere than in their utility.

In justice to Epicurus, it must be admitted that he

never intended his followers to burn incense and nerves and manhood to Bacchus and Aphrodite, or to top off philosophical debates with philandering debauches. Yet if the followers of his rule of morality did in fact make their names synonymous with glutton and libertine, the fault was largely his own. For to say that the morality of an act depends on its effect on personal happiness is to leave room for as many interpretations of morality as there are interpretations of the term "happiness." And history is witness to the innumerable meanings that have tucked themselves into those three short syllables.

Happiness for a scientist and for an American Indian, happiness for a nun and for a dweller in hotels and cabarets, happiness for a bibliophile and for a baseball fan have scarcely a common denominator. If all forms of personal happiness are in themselves morally right, then Raffles and that long line of gentlemen pirates ancient and modern whose supreme thrill lay in a bit of artistic buccaneering were moral men. And what of the duellist who, like D'Artagnan, loved the flash of rapiers better than the flash of diamonds? Were the duels he fought with an enthusiastic zest moral actions? If not, then who is to determine what constitutes man's true happiness and what is but its shadow? And how is he to know just wherein lies the difference?

The fact is that men have clearly distinguished between morality and mere utility. Socrates once said that a courtesan contributed perhaps more than anyone to the happiness of the world. Yet he never intimated that such happiness was moral. The wealthy tenement-owner who distils his wealth from the blood of the poor is serving the purposes of his own personal gratification. Dare he flatter himself in the depths of his heart that he is a moral man? And what of those actions which, like the self-sacrifice of Sidney Carton, led inevitably to his death? Judged by the Epicurean standard, they are essentially immoral acts, for they result in the destruction of all possibility of further temporal happiness.

The social utilitarian has little better success when he tries to determine just what is useful and what conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. For nations have differed as widely as have individuals on the meaning of that exasperating little word "happiness," and they have frequently enough felt that their highest utility lay in actions which they never dared to dignify as morally good.

Many a Roman statesman was convinced that the bloody gladiatorial fights, by keeping alive the martial spirit and instilling a contempt for death, served the best interests of the State. This by no means proves that they were equally convinced that the butchering of men was an essentially moral act. Our Pilgrim Fathers thought that the wholesale extermination of the Indians would be highly useful and conducive to the peace and happiness of the struggling towns. Possibly it was, though one would hesitate to pronounce the murder of Indian tribes, through the deliberate introduction of smallpox, a morally

good action. The economists of Elizabeth's day felt that the introduction of the slave trade was a good thing for the mother country and the colonists, just as in former days Greek economists built up their systems on the foundation of a universal slavery. I doubt very much if either of them debated the morality of carrying off a free people into servile captivity. Utility and morality in this as in a thousand other cases, as for example in every war of conquest, were never for a moment confounded.

In fact, statesmen, with eyes open to the immorality of their conduct, have plunged into courses of action which they felt to be for the utility and happiness of their fellow-citizens. By a diplomatic lie or a bit of trickery a statesman averts a war. He is convinced that he is serving the best temporal interests of his fellow-men though he may be sure that the lie is wrong. And the statesman who, for the sake of right and justice, like the statesmen of heroic Belgium, chooses the destruction of his people rather than a stain on their honor proves that mere utility and temporal happiness are by no means the ultimate tests of what is good and honorable. The nation which goes down to ruin fighting for justice has in annihilation found something far higher than mere temporal prosperity.

Happiness and utility are such flexible, shifting terms that they are altogether unsafe guides for determining a morality which is independent of all changing conditions. Murder is not good today and wrong tomorrow, even though a man sees that his best interests lie in the slaying of a foe. An action is not morally good unless the happiness which it produces and the utility it conserves be in themselves morally good. And for this we need a standard as unchangeable as the nature of right and wrong.

The Winter Theatrical Season

JOHN B. KENNEDY

"FROST" is a word of grim significance in theatrical argot.

It implies that the public shoulder has turned coldly on the performance of ambitious talent or untalented ambition, that the smooth-faced gentlemen in the box-office are wearing mufflers and overshoes; but, being a seasonable phenomenon, there is little reason in wailing to the heavens because a taxed and tortured public has refused to form queues outside, say, eighty per cent of the metropolitan theaters. The lights of Broadway have been dimmed not through fear of air raids, for Broadway has excitement enough in earth raids, but because the black diamond has of late progressed considerably toward the preciousness of the white diamond. On lightless nights the hordes of theater-bound natives and visitors set out adventurously from inn-land and suburbia, falling in and scrambling out of the caverns and pits with which New York abounds and finding the sport of vehicle-dodging more strenuous than ever under bare stars and a stingy moon. The profane tally-hos of the taxi-terrors combine with the shot epithets of pursued pedestrians to produce flashings and frictions on these Cimmerian evenings; and the messages of the gum-dictators, the tire-dictators, the hose-and shaving-soap-dictators, and all the other autocrats of ad-

vertising, are buried in official gloom. It stands, sits, genuflects and otherwise postures to reason that, under these circumstances, an industrious and well-wishing watchman cannot report many bright things of the night.

There is a class in New York and, it is to be presumed, in all the large and flourishing and famishing cities, which is growing larger after each full moon when the psychiatrists neglect to go a-hunting. This class is coming to be called by those who seek to capitalize it, *cognoscenti*—a word which carries intelligent weight in Italian, but which, hauled bodily into English, and advertising English at that, might be held synonymous with anything from yegg to yahoo. The *cognoscenti* are having many departures made for them, and these efforts will continue so long as their pockets are tenanted. Intimate *revues*, smart problem-plays and one-act sensations are manufactured expressly for them. For them exists that delirious importation the *ballet Russe*—which is really enjoyed by almost as many New Yorkers as truly relish caviar.

Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is the most recent bait for the smart fish. Let no unjust inferences be taken. M. Jacques Coppeau, in providing the metropolis with an ascetically esthetic presentation of Molière and other French classicists, thought, no doubt, that events justified the innovation. There is no perfect machinery by which can be ascertained the number of Americans who understand the French language—the celebrated “Questionnaire,” so thrillingly French in title, limits its census of linguists to men of draft age. But if there were as many speakers of French in New York as there are reported to be in Paris, it is yet to be proved that Molière and his literary kin have food fitting the American stomach. Of course, the French are vastly libeled by the meretricious meaning attached to all entertainment bearing their imprimatur. A visit to the Grand Guignol in the old days of very red blood and very riotous thunder has left a lasting impression on at least one theatergoer that the French will pay just as much as any other enlightened people to be made thoroughly miserable. Their gayety is certainly not an unqualifiable attribute. Even the naughtiest of their so-called naughty farces is extremely boring when it is not arrantly indecent. Parisian *revues* differ from American *revues* merely in the degree of intelligence of their producers, and London *revues*, which are the worst because they are made cockney parodies of the bad features of the others, differ from the American chiefly in the intelligence of the spectators. But New York will take all the gaudy refuse that Paris and London have to export, and even enemy countries will find their theatrical vices sedulously mimicked by the latest and greatest of their foes. The consolation in the case of an institution like the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier* is that almost as few of its native patrons will understand its improprieties as will appreciate its unconventional artistry.

Two well-written English comedies have been revived, “The Gay Lord Quex” and “Lord and Lady Algy.” The first is Pinero’s excellent pagan exhibition of a roué who discovers that he has a heart. “Lord and Lady Algy,” presented by a company of unusual talent, is R. C. Carton’s cross-section of the life of a junior peer whose judgment of race-horses and cigarettes is much less reliable than his wife’s, and as such disagreements are of vital consequence in the households of Grosvenor Square, Lady Algy leaves her lord, to return after she has witnessed his genuine attempts (while intoxicated) to persuade another man’s wife to remain faithful to her marriage contract. Around this trivial theme R. C. Carton erected a structure of crystal dialogue marred by only four “damns” and one stale joke, which, however, he may have originated. The acting is superb and the setting a revelation, even for mechanically astute New York production. Unquestionably it is the most brilliant accomplishment of the American stage this season. Then why cannot a conscientious critic grow enthusiastic over it? Because, like

everything else that is brilliant, whether domestic or imported, the profanity above noted is the only evidence the play contains that its actors are located in Christendom.

In “Why Marry?” the trend of native dramatic talent toward the mongrel philosophy best denoted by the term Shavian, is once more apparent. The theme concerns the economic disadvantages attending marriage in a society grown too light-headed and shallow-hearted to retain either the name or the idea of a sacrament. In his resolution of the difficulties confronting his hero and heroine the author employs more common-sense than sanctifying grace; but so unaccustomed are the professional playgoers to such a commodity that they instantly raised their trumpets and sounded to the world that home-grown genius had at last come to dwell with us. Since the gifted dramatist has asked a question in the title of his play perhaps he will not condescend to ignore criticism crystallized to the scope of a question: Why is it that the good points in every play with a purpose are contained in the Catholic catechism? The bad points are merely repetitions of standard dramatic sins.

Three leading American actresses—Misses Ethel Barrymore and Margaret Anglin and Mrs. Fiske have reappeared. Miss Barrymore tries her skill in “The Lady of the Camellias.” As the singular quality of the skill and the uninspiring motif of the play are well-known, details are waived. In “Billeted” Miss Anglin presents what one experienced critic, in the absence of his handy book of synonyms, calls an “emotional comedy,” germane, no doubt, to emotional tragedy and all other tautologies of starved vocabularies. The argument concerns an English woman whose husband, an officer in the British expeditionary forces, returns to his home, where a senior officer is billeted. What there is of plot (“emotional comedy” cannot stand much plot) rests upon the element of surprise. The acting is of a quality that should not be wasted on such stuff.

Mrs. Fiske’s offering, “Madame Sand” is a dramatized biography—how the new terms multiply with the seasons—of the French novelist, who had her own picturesquely vicious ideas about many institutions, including the Sixth Commandment and female attire. She also smoked cigars. There is no more serious moral objection to a woman wearing trousers than to a woman not wearing what she should on her shoulders—even the smoking of cigars need not be an occasion of sin, for women of unquestionable virtue are known to smoke pipes, notably the Old Woman of Whitefriars, who swore with accomplishment and begged regardless, while always succoring others more poor than herself. When the trouser-wearing and the cigar-smoking are symptoms of a distorted ethical standard, or of no standard at all, then the woman is branded, no matter how gifted, as a freak—and for freaks there are built places not customarily known as theaters. Mrs. Fiske, to her histrionic credit, makes “Madame Sand” a joker whose sordidly comic jokes are all at her own expense. Through the silly Odyssey of her love affairs, the figure of the novelist emerges unlovable, yet clothed in a heathen nescience, woven by a brain of extraordinary ability which can create a library of romance but not the shadow of a seamstress’ scruple. A reasonable epitaph for the bright and brackish “Madame Sand” is a reminder that just at present the thinking public prefers French geography to French pornography.

“The King” is an account of royalty dissipating incognito, providing no lesson excepting one of wonder that the Russian revolution is a precursor instead of an after-runner of similar upheavals in European kingdoms. The dramatic novelty, of which endorsers need always be wary, appears in “Yes or No,” a play contrasting types of metropolitan women and pouring out pathos and humor, with dashes of grade-D dialogue, the bacilli of which play havoc with immature minds. “The Land of Joy” is a hilarious Spanish entertainment full of the much requested “ginger” and lavishly misrepresenting a thoroughly respectable people. “The Pipes of Pan” enters, with due emphasis on the

part of the press-agent, the "charming" class, although opinions will differ. "Blind Youth" is a blind-alley drama that cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be considered entertainment, detailing, as it does, the putridness of sensual souls. One of its authors is responsible for "Tiger Rose," a somewhat crude but faithfully staged melodrama of a British-Empire outpost. Worthy of note is the fact that the program of this play gives a striking piece of testimony to the part played by the Jesuits in civilizing the northern wilds. Perhaps "The Gipsy Trail" is the one production to which unqualified approval may be given, for it deals with no problems, contains no suggestive situations, tells a straight story of romantic ideals and keeps the story straight.

Naturally, the gay, giddy and "girly" affairs are abundant. They will, it is to be feared, increase and multiply as the war wages. That has been England's experience. Even war-taxation does not impair the demand for this type of art. But we have the comforting reflection that what the war-tax cannot do the District Attorney's praiseworthy, if quite recent, solicitude for theatrical decency, may achieve. Certain posters flaunted from the city walls should provide all the evidence required for prompt suppression of lascivious shows. Solemn and detailed investigations are not without comic-operatic suggestion.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

A Lesson from the "Tribune."

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am sending you herewith a correspondence which explains itself, but which is far from explaining the mystery why we Catholics put up with such unfair treatment, not merely of ourselves, but of our Faith. As you will see, the New York *Tribune* permits an apologist for that fraud, Spiritism, to fill a column on its editorial page, not merely with a plea for Spiritism, but with insults and false statements about Christianity. When I answer the letter, the courtesy of the correspondence columns of the *Tribune* is refused me. But it is extended to a press-agent for Christian Science, writing on the same subject! I, of course, do not matter. I am only a professional Catholic author, writing as an individual, and the newspapers know that they can do practically what they like with such eccentric critics; for there is no organized body of Catholic opinion, no press-bureau, no efficient Catholic Truth society, to call them to account. But Christian Science, with a total membership about as large as the Catholic members of a sizable New York parish, supports a highly efficient press-bureau, and there is never a reference to that cult, never the slightest criticism expressed, never the least mistake about it made in the press, that the bureau is not "on the job," and it never fails to be recognized. When are Catholics going to wake up? When will they begin to follow the repeated exhortations of Pope after Pope to be diligent in their use of the power of the press! I tell you, sir, speaking as a professional newspaperman of more than twenty years' experience in metropolitan journalism, that American Catholics are neglecting one of the most promising fields for lay and clerical labors. What is the reason that we do not cultivate this field?

New York.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

December 29, 1917.

To the Editor of the "Tribune":

Sir: I read the extraordinary communication in your columns today signed "John R. Spears," entitled "Ghost Hunters and Divines" with a sense of wonderment that there are still to be found men of such profound ignorance of facts, and so destitute of any perception of the realities of life, that they will seek publicity for opinions and prejudices that most educated people long ago relegated to the dust-bins of oblivion. Who is Mr. John R. Spears? What are his warrants for throwing insults in the face of Christians?

Let me, if you will, direct a little attention to some of the wild-eyed statements which with an almost incredible effrontery he makes, as if with pontifical, dogmatic authority: "Intelligent people, as a rule, no longer believe the doctrine of the vicarious atonement." They don't? Where does Mr. Spears get the information? What of the eighteen millions of Catholics, to say nothing of other Christian bodies which approximate to orthodoxy, in this country alone, who hold that belief, together with all others which are part of the deposit of Faith? But, does Mr. Spears object, he said "intelligent" people? Well, what about the thousands of eminent scientists, and tens of thousands of highly educated Christian professional men and women, like the head of our Supreme Court, like the head of our Navy Board, like—oh, like thousands more of our leaders? The obvious difference between the intelligence manifested by heaps of such believers in Christianity, and that of such a critic of that Faith which is the soul, the form, the vitality, of modern civilization, as your correspondent, is not in favor of Mr. John R. Spears.

Again: "Is the attitude of the Christian sects in any degree superior?" asks this writer, meaning, is it in any degree superior to the writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on Spiritualism? Well, against the comic astral heaven of Sir Arthur, I, for one, one among some hundreds of millions, prefer St. John, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, Dante, Angela of Foligno, Juliana of Norwich, Thomas à Kempis, and scores more of poets and great writers who have not only written about heaven, but lived the life that takes you there.

"For all Christians say that a life in heaven is to be the reward of faith. Literally they assert that felicity in the future life is to be earned by credulity. Many of them very sincerely say that a lack of credulity is to be punished with eternal torment." What rustic, backwoods nonsense! It sounds like a village atheist who has read Tom Paine, but nothing else. Has Mr. Spears never even so much as heard about Christians who have something to say about works as well as faith?

I challenge him to produce any Christian authority who asserts that felicity in the future life is to be earned by credulity, or who says that a lack of credulity is to be punished with eternal torment. I pretend to no theological omniscience, nor even to anything but a slight acquaintance with the subject, which I would not debate with Mr. Spears, in any case, but the point is, that, as a Christian, I know mighty well that no Christian authority could possibly put forth such drivel. But Mr. John R. Spears does put it forth. It is up to him to make good. He has no shadow of right to circulate such fantastic fabrications; because, alas, and this is the sad part of such exhibitions of ignorance, or of malice, in this day of hasty reading, and hastier thinking, even such absurd opinions as those voiced by Mr. Spears are absorbed by the truly credulous—by weak and bewildered souls who seek so piteously for light and leading and who are so suggestible, so easily captivated by wild and whirling ideas when uttered with the vigor and earnestness which Mr. John R. Spears commands.

But his own letter proves that it is not in malice that he writes; it is in ignorance. He, like millions of others, devoid of faith, is also unaware of the vast amount of testimony which higher courts than those of common pleas would admit was valid support of the Faith—the testimony of saints and martyrs and mystics, and of the lives of untold myriads of humble Christians, made brave and sweet and lovely by faith. He, like so many others, is yearning with soul-hunger, and the thirst of the spirit; the hunger and the thirst which the soul of man must ever know; and so he turns even to the hocus-pocus of the medium, which when it isn't hocus-pocus is something even worse, or to the "experiments" of scientific explorers of the Borderland, seeking for something which will satisfy that hunger, the ineluctable, everlasting hunger of the soul after God; and His life more abundant.

But he is seeking in the wrong spirit, when he wantonly attacks Christianity. As for his willingness to give the Spiritualists a fair show, all right; but why deny a fair show to the Christians?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

In reply to my letter I received the following from the editor of the *Tribune*:

The enclosed contribution has been read. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, Associate Editor, directs me to thank you for

your courtesy and interest in submitting it, and to express his regret that it cannot be used.

Yours very truly,
THEO. HONOUR,
Editorial Secretary.

I wrote to Mr. Simonds as follows:

January 4, 1918.

MR. FRANK H. SIMONDS,
New York Tribune,
New York.

Dear Sir: The New York Tribune makes unending play of its profession that from "first to last" its policy is "The truth—News, Editorials, Advertisements." May I ask why you omit letters from contributors, or from volunteer correspondents, from those departments of your journal in which truth is permitted to appear? I am forced to ask this question, which decidedly requires an answer, because in the Tribune for December 29, 1917, you published a most extraordinary communication signed "John R. Spears," entitled "Ghost Hunters and Divines," in which insulting references to Christianity, which were flagrantly untruthful, were thrown in the faces of your readers. This writer was permitted to declare that "intelligent people no longer, as a rule" believe in Christian dogmas. He makes the false assertion that Christians say—"assert" is his stronger word—"that felicity in the future life is to be earned by credulity. Many of them very sincerely say that a lack of credulity is to be punished with eternal torments." I wrote to you that day, challenging Mr. Spears to produce any, even the least title of evidence that any Christian authority, any recognized writer, or exponent of Christianity, ever was guilty of such piffle. Whereupon the Tribune returns my letter, after many days' delay, telling me that "The enclosed contribution has been read. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, Associate Editor, directs me to thank you for your courtesy and interest in submitting it, and to express his regret that it cannot be used." But I did not submit it as a contribution. It is very definitely a letter for your correspondence department in reply to one bristling with falsehoods that injuriously affect my Faith, and which I, a professional writer, though not a theologian, cannot let pass without challenging. Why, then, do you discriminate against Christianity? Why do you permit falsehoods to be published in your correspondence columns while loudly professing your policy to keep them out of your other departments? I am not satisfied with this situation. You are most unfair. You have no right to give only one side of a controversy,—because what Mr. Spears writes is flamingly controversial, unless you give an equal amount of space to the other side. This being, however, your attitude, I shall send the letters to AMERICA, the Catholic weekly, requesting its editor to publish them.

Very truly yours,

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

P. S.—Your action in this matter becomes all the more extraordinary in view of the fact that the Tribune today contains a letter from a publicity agent of the Christian Science cult replying in full, from a Christian Science point of view, to Mr. Spears' letter, while a letter from an orthodox Catholic author is thrown back at him!

The correspondence needs no comment. It is in itself a striking object-lesson of the treatment to which our apathy subjects us.

New York.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Catholic Employment Bureaus

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I should like to offer a suggestion on the matter of Catholic employment bureaus which lately have been under discussion in your columns. Why cannot every Catholic pulpit in the country be such a bureau? The priests of the parish could learn who are out of work and announce the fact to the people of the congregation, requesting the latter to keep their eyes and ears open and if they know of anything in this or that person's line, to apprise the parish priest, or assistant, at once. In this way the unemployed could be brought into touch with his or her work. This is a deed of charity, and the pulpit, from which charity is so often preached, is a fit place for its exercise. I have been following this plan and I think it is a good thing, it

pleases our hard-working men and women, and is something of an antidote for Socialism.

San Francisco.

T. E. P.

Catholics and Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read Father Blakely's article, "Catholics and Prohibition." The majority of your readers reside in "wet" States and cannot appreciate Father Blakely's forebodings as to the danger of any State in the Union going so far as to forbid the importation of wine for sacramental purposes. The State of Washington has been in the "dry" column for two years. When prohibition was an issue here I was among the "antis" but the experience of two dry years has caused me to veer round, so that today I am a prohibitionist. Your readers are not interested in my personal views on prohibition. They want some information on the practical working out of the dry law in reference to the importation of wine for sacramental purposes. The desired information can be obtained by a perusal of the subjoined facts.

A certain priest ordered wine six months ago. On its way from California, the wine had to pass through Seattle. The police of that city are extremely active in prosecuting bootleggers, and in a recent raid they made on a freight train they seized the wine shipped to Father M. The wine is still in Seattle and meanwhile Father M. borrows from a neighbor.

The dry law in this State permits one to order wine through a drug store that has a license to handle alcoholic liquor. If the drug store in your town has such a license you are fortunate. If not, you must locate one in the next town. The latter was the course I had to pursue. I went to a druggist thirty-five miles from here and ordered my wine, which arrived in due time, at the drug store. There it must remain until the roads are fit for auto traveling, and then I must discover a kind friend who will fetch the wine in his car. There are three railroads leading from the city, where my wine is resting, to this town, yet not one of them will handle the wine as they are forbidden to do so by the dry law. Meanwhile I am compelled to be a borrower.

The last sentence in Father Blakely's article reads: "Safety can be guaranteed only by inserting into the State prohibition laws a clause specifically authorizing the use of wine for sacramental purposes." Such a clause is too vague. It is inserted in our dry law and its value can be estimated according to the foregoing facts. The sentence should read: "Safety can be guaranteed only by inserting into the State prohibition laws a clause specifically authorizing priests to import wine for sacramental purposes, said authorization to be in the form of a permit issued by the authorities of the city where the priest resides." Vague written laws are as worthless in this regard as the vague unwritten understanding deplored by Cardinal Newman.

Rosalia, Wash.

JOHN CRONIN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In regard to the prohibition law of Oklahoma it is sometimes said that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to guarantee the rights of Catholics to have and use wine for sacramental purposes. Touching this point, I would like to call attention to the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, and to ask your readers to consider it in connection with the First Amendment. One need not be a lawyer to understand plain inferences.

By the first article of the Constitutional Amendments, which reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," religious liberty is a right or, if you will, a privilege of every citizen of the United States. In the Fourteenth Amendment, it is declared that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens

of the United States." If, therefore, the Constitution restrains the Government from "prohibiting the free exercise" of religion, it is, forsooth, because it claims that the unhampered practice of religion is the right and privilege of every citizen of the country.

By what warrant, then, does the State of Oklahoma, "make and enforce" a law which "abridges" the right and privilege of every Catholic to "the free exercise" of his religion by offering the Sacrifice of the Mass? Or are we to infer that the citizens of the United States have no rights, except such as are positively and specifically conferred on them by the United States Constitution?

Certain truths "self-evident" and "certain inalienable rights," to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," including, no doubt, the practice of religion in the idea of happiness, are mentioned in the Declaration of Independence; and though this ancient and venerable document may not confer any rights in a law court, yet it may serve to enlighten the learned judges on the spirit of our laws, and to guide them to an equitable construction of them.

The Mississippi legislature, has, with a haste that does little credit to sober law-makers, ratified the prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution. Fanaticism never stops to reason, and puts no limit to the lengths it will go. The time to defend our rights is not after all means of redress have been taken from us.

As a resident in Kansas and a neighbor of Oklahoma, I and a number of others, are vitally interested in the decision of the court, referred to in your editorial, "A Federal Decision and the Mass," in the issue of January 5, 1918. Could not some of the able lawyers among your subscribers be induced to discuss the judicial decision in regard to the use of wine for Mass in Oklahoma, and to point out to us, who are not versed in the punctilios of the law, whether the inferences I have deduced from the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution do not commend themselves to legal talent as well as to common-sense, and if not, why not? It is a good thing, in these days, for every citizen to claim the privilege of Missourians, and demand "to be shown."

St. Mary's, Kansas.

K. R.

Arnold Bennett and Dogma

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Chesterton has somewhere said in effect that you might as well ask for a quadruped without legs as religion without dogma. Perhaps if he had had before his eyes Arnold Bennett's most dogmatic denial of dogma, quoted in AMERICA for December 29, he would have added that you might as well ask for a centipede without legs as "a first-class intellectual apparatus" without a whole substructure of dogma.

That dogma can be denied only on the assumption of dogma is well illustrated in Arnold Bennett's paragraph itself. Indeed in the very sentence in which he writes "It is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma," he lays down a positive, general, *absolute* teaching, backed by whatever authority his name carries, that the acceptance of dogma is today intellectual heresy; without even smiling at the Gargantuan grotesqueness of the proceeding, he solemnly pronounces the great dogma that dogma in any form is impossible! This ecumenical definition of truth would indeed be a paradox were it not that the contradiction it contains is not merely apparent. It is real.

But this is not all, Arnold Bennett's next sentence is, if anything, still more dogmatic than the previous one. Not satisfied with dogmatizing regarding the modern man's mind, he goes further in his creed and invades the very "private thoughts" of intellectual equals; for he proceeds to announce the following: "It is impossible in one's private thoughts to

think of the acceptor of dogma as one's intellectual equal." Around the very mind itself, around "one's private thoughts" does Arnold Bennett draw the awful circle of solemn church; and on the head of him who differs from him he hurls the anathema of excommunication from the sphere of intellectual equality. This is indeed extravagant arrogance.

If Mr. Chesterton's "championship of Christian dogma" sticks in Arnold Bennett's throat, it is not because his intellectual gullet cannot swallow dogma; it is because his fauces are already choked full of other dogmas, dogmas incompatible with those that are Christian.

New York.

EDWARD S. DORE.

"Vagabonding Down the Andes"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some time before Christmas, while visiting a priest who is a very dear personal friend, I asked him if he would kindly look out for a book that would be suitable as a Christmas present for one of my non-Catholic friends. It was understood that the book should be of a non-religious character, lest my friend might think I was trying to ram my convictions down his throat. The priest, after browsing an afternoon in a store in San Francisco, reported that he had seen a book, entitled "Vagabonding Down the Andes," by Harry A. Frank, that the book sold for four dollars, and that he understood that former books by the same author had reached several editions.

I concluded that the book was just what I wanted and had it delivered at my home. Looking it over in a casual manner, I was surprised at some of the sentiments I ran across, and I laid it down with the conviction that the editor of the *Menace* could not turn out a more anti-Catholic volume. For instance, the author tells of a school he visited, the teacher being a very young man who came from a college in the Middle Western States, which was, or is, not noted for its scholarship. This *Jesuitical* teacher had the pupils read for the visitor, and the reading was perfect, the effect was spoiled only when he, the visitor, discovered that most of the pupils held their books upside down.

Harry A. Frank attended a meeting of 100 people who were all as white as he, and they were addressed by a speaker who spoke of *legal revolution*, but at a certain part of the address, his voice was drowned by the ringing of a church-bell across the street. It was the voice of ignorance, fanaticism and superstition trying, as it always tried in the past, to stifle the voice of progress and enlightenment. Morality amongst the women of South America, according to Harry A. Frank, is very low. Yet the women of the streets go to Mass every morning, and think there is nothing inconsistent in doing so. He adds, almost immediately, that mothers go with their daughters to the confessional to protect them, and their virtue, from the priest who sits there.

I have quoted the above from memory. I hope AMERICA will put Catholics on their guard against buying this infamous book. The book looks attractive, has the picture of a church in miniature on the outer cover, on which is stated that "It is a significant study of half a continent. It is also a sort of Arabian Nights book of fascinating adventure, color and incident."

Of course, I returned the book and had it exchanged; but a night or two later, in my own city of Oakland, while in Smith Brothers' book store—Smith is a good Catholic—the salesman wrapped up this same book with another for a young woman, who, while she paid her bill, explained that she was getting the book for a young man, and wanted to be assured that it was good reading. Of course, the salesman assured her that it was, and away she took the poison, and became an agent for the propagation of the lying statements of a vicious mind.

Oakland, Cal.

W. A. LYNCH.

A M E R I C A

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1918

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.

President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 173 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW.

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Why Soldiers Are Popular

SOMEWHERE in France is a young soldier who, if you called him a hero, would probably relapse in "Americanese," and advise you to "can that movie stuff." He is only one of a million others who, a few months ago, kissed the "folks" good-by, and with these same folks deeper in his heart than ever, marched off to do his part in making the world safe for democracy. He never knew that he could give up so much for the sake of an ideal. But he came of a hardy, God-fearing fighting race, that had ever had a helping hand for the weak, and a mailed fist for the oppressor. In the moment that his country called, the old blood stirred. He was no weakling. With a smile on his lips that belied the thousand memories tugging at his heart to keep him home, off he went to the camp. He did not love war. He hated it. But with all his honest young soul, he hated with a deeper, fiercer hatred, the bloody cruelty that, without remorse, sank little children beneath the merciless waves of the icy Atlantic, and filled martyred Belgium with the sobs of mistreated women.

He has no idea that he is a hero, and according to narrow canons, perhaps he is not; but with a courage that is nearly sublime, he daily faces death for you and me. It may be that some vision of the glory which the Prince of Peace unfolds for all who unselfishly lay down their lives for their country, shines in his eyes, through the trench mists of stricken, immortal France. Whatever his trials, they are for himself alone; his letters to the "folks back home," are like those of a boy on a camping-trip. "It's winter over here," one of them wrote some weeks ago, "which means first, rain, and then a whole lot of rain, and then some more rain. Jimmy and I are the original web-foot boys, and don't mind it." That is all he has to say of life in the trenches. "The 'eats' over here are fine," he continues. "Most of my last leave I used up showing a little lunch-counter man what an American appetite can do when it gets started. When I

quit, he was ready to lay off, and call it a day. So was I." There are probably few "leaves" for him now, and the fatigued restaurateur comes back only as a memory to amuse the "folks at home." "And I went to Mass and Holy Communion in a church they say is eight-hundred years old. Well, it looks the part, all right. Back home, they would have sent it to the dry-cleaner long ago. But it was very beautiful inside, and, say, it was fine to see the Padre again, and get a chance to clean up."

The boy who from the seat of war, can write a letter like that, may not be a hero, but he is so near to one that we take off our hats to salute him. "Say, 'Cap,'" sang out a sailor to his officer, as both were struggling in the water, after the Jacob Jones disaster, "Say, 'Cap', where do we go from here?" An American, it has been said, when hit hardest, simply laughs. He may collapse a moment later, but he prefers to stand up to danger with a smile. That is the spirit which, with God's blessing, is going to win this war, and make it possible again for women and children to laugh, even in Belgium.

A School for Women Voters

"WOMAN made her primal mistake," said the Lady, with the air of one who had been there to see, "when she learned to cook." With these thrilling words was New York's suffrage school inaugurated. "When man found out that woman was willing to cook for him," continued the eye-witness, "her economic slavery began. Woman has ever been a luxury for man." And she rambled on, in complete forgetfulness of Xantippe, Mrs. Wesley, and a host of other helpmeets, as luxurious all, as the shirt of Nessus. "Nor is housework economically valuable. The twenty-five dollar a week stenographer who marries, and does her own housework at the rate of five dollars a week, has sunk just so far in the economic scale."

If this be true, so much the worse for the "economic scale." But it is palpably false. An economic scale is not something you pick out on the piano, or isolate in a test-tube. Without definite reference to men and women, their needs and possibilities, it is as unintelligible as a smile, lacking a Cheshire cat for a subject *in quo*, or volume without matter, space without extent, music without sound, star-fire without a star. You cannot eat it, it will not buy shoes for Jimmy, or kiss away little Cissy's tears, or pay the rent. It does not make a home, it is not something to die for, it cannot set a leg, or take away the grief of a wound. It is an abstraction, a mere word, like Falstaff's honor, unless studied in connection with the human factors upon which it is founded, with which, in turn, it must deal.

A force of economic value is not to be measured by immediate financial returns. Were that the standard, the noble science of economics could not countenance the erection of a school or the endowment of a college. Instead of keeping boys and girls at their books for barren years, in the possible hope of a return twenty-five years

hence, we should put them at once to petty but immediately profitable tasks. But the truest science recognizes that they contribute most to the general economic welfare, who do their part in shaping, by present devotion to duty, a sturdy, industrious generation, dealing honestly with all men, and humbly with God. The part in this work of a twenty-five dollar a week stenographer may be great; but, as a rule, it is not comparable with the opportunities afforded the girl who gladly gives up this stipend, and takes in its place, love and labor for those she loves. As an economic force, a young wife singing her baby to sleep, or cooking her husband's breakfast at daybreak, or making all bright and comfortable against his return at night, is not so imposing as a steel-mill in full blast. But it is very easily possible that as an economic force, she is worth infinitely more. Conceivably, the world can wobble through its orbit without steel-mills; no one has yet been able to show clearly that the world or steel-mills either can get along at all without mothers. Love always could sweeten a dinner of herbs, and, although a mystery of mystery to many valuable economists, virtue, happiness and genuine "efficiency" are not incompatible with poverty or even destitution.

Economically, the world would have been lamentably poorer had a certain Kentucky damsel of the last century preferred the twenty-five dollar a week "economic independence" of her log-cabin and hominy-pot to the promptings of her heart, which bade her follow Thomas Lincoln and unadorned poverty into the wilderness. Men, and even women with a vote, who strive to reconstruct the economic world with God left out and man's worth rated solely by the size of his cash-register, will end in fashioning a world fit only for Mad Tom, Shylock and Caliban. It is fairly safe to trust God with the world that He has made. He will rule it with wisdom, and in the end, perfect the purpose which He set Himself when He called man from the slime of the earth. Only a fool will advise a cobbler how to make shoes, but many who are called wise, profess to know far more about the heart of man and the order of the universe than the Almighty, at whose behest these things came into being.

Modern Necromancy

AMONG the evidences of moral decadence in our day is the startling development of the practice of necromancy. It has grown into a cult which has taken disquieting possession of many minds and reduces to commonplace occurrences the black magic of the past. It is the outgrowth of paganism in every period of history, and may be found, like all forms of devil-worship, among nations that are most deeply sunk in heathenism. Its recurrence, therefore, in our day is an alarming sign of the degeneracy of a great portion of our civilization.

Unfortunately necromancy is not confined to that fungus growth of society, the idle rich, but finds acceptance among all classes. Clairvoyants and mediums rep-

resent as definite a profession as actors and vaudeville "artists." Séances and spiritism are regarded without fear or abhorrence. Conversation with the spirits of the departed, though in reality with the powers of darkness themselves in most cases where fraud plays no part, is deemed a mere development of modern science, which is absurdly thought to have passed beyond the bounds of the sensible and to have discovered, of its own marvelous power, new realms hitherto closed to the prying of human curiosity. Novels, which are said to be dictated by spirit visitors from another world using the living writer as a mere amanuensis for their worthless effusions, immediately receive a vogue and popularity clearly indicative of the sickly state of modern society.

A new impetus has been given to this pernicious intermeddling with the unseen world of evil spirits by the publication of the notorious work of an English scientist whose morbid mind fancied itself in communication with his dead son who had perished in the war. Even non-Catholic writers, as the *Ave Maria* notes, have come to realize the alarming danger of this pagan practice into which Saul fell when he departed from the ways of God, and which in our day so often leads to insanity as well as to utter moral depravity. Dr. Crozier, according to the summary given by Father Hudson, describes it as "Akin to those dark and sinister agencies which flourished when the Roman Empire was tottering, and which Christianity sought to put down." Professor H. E. Armstrong speaks of it as "A movement every aspect of which is pernicious—pernicious alike to the prime movers and to the public; one which at all costs, in support of sanity of human outlook, we should seek to stamp out with every weapon at our command."

The fact that neither the Church of England nor educated opinion should have had the courage to take exception to this movement, so greatly intensified by the patronage of Sir Oliver Lodge, is regarded by Professor Armstrong as proof conclusive that "We are living in a period of intellectual decadence." The Catholic Church did not hesitate to condemn at once, clearly and uncompromisingly, this pernicious modern error. It is a fitting punishment of the intellectual pride of our rationalistic age that it should have been permitted to fall open-eyed into an evil so degrading and demoralizing: "Because thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy, and have need of nothing: and knowest not, that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

Mortifications for Others

I DON'T like mortifications that mortify others," Monsignor de Mazenod, the founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, once remarked, as he bade a highly "detached" young priest visit his family before setting out for the Alaskan missions. The saintly prelate's observation is as full of sound sense as of true piety. A hunger for holiness that makes a person give others pain needlessly, or a spirit of "detachment" that renders its

possessor selfish and unfeeling is not Catholic piety at all, but a Jansenistic, Puritanical imitation of it. True Catholic piety is winning and attractive and has all the qualities that St. Paul in First Corinthians, Chapter 13, assigns to charity. Moreover in his letter to the Romans he offers valuable counsel to those who out of narrow zeal for the letter of the law become stones of stumbling to their weaker brethren: "For if, because of thy meat, thy brother be grieved, thou walkest not now according to charity. Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died."

Mortifications which mortify another more than they spiritually profit those who practise them are signs of selfish pietism rather than of generous piety, and have repeatedly given point to the jibes of cynics and scoffers. Wives who carry their practices of piety to such an excess that the domestic harmonies are thereby impaired can profitably remember that those mortifications are best which annoy other reasonable people the least. Husbands who by the exercise of perfect detachment have learned to rise superior to the cares and anxieties that try their spouses could well keep in mind how irritating to busy housewives that kind of mortification is. Indeed it may safely be asserted that every form of self-denial or mortification which is harder on others than on those who practise it is of no ascetical value.

Modern War's Ruthlessness

OVER the caption, "Now for an idea which will make war impossible!" one of our weekly magazines published some time ago a cartoon depicting Uncle Sam, with his fist clenched and a determined look on his face, taking an inventory of the instruments of destruction employed in modern warfare. The turreted battleship, the submarine, the mine, the machine-gun, the airship, the telegraph and the telephone, he finds, are the "American inventions which make modern war possible," but he nowhere sees any sign of a device that will render war impossible. That of course was to be expected, for as long as fallen man lives in this fallen world, there will be wars and rumors of wars. But is there no way of keeping the wars of the future from being waged as long, as ruthlessly and as expensively as is our present war? Almost every paper, magazine or war-book published describes modern battles in language that a dozen years ago would have been regarded as wild and improbable fiction, but those who have actually taken part in important attacks on the Allied front consider that these descriptions give but a faint and inadequate idea of what a battle now means to the soldiers engaged. No one perhaps has made its horrors more vivid than has John Masefield in his book on the disastrous Gallipoli campaign, in which he wrote passages like the following:

Let him [the reader] think that he has not slept for more than a few minutes together for eleven days and nights, and that in all his waking hours he has been fighting for his life, often hand to hand in the dark with a fierce enemy, and that

after each fight he has had to dig himself a hole in the ground, often with his hands, and then walk three or four roadless miles to bring up heavy boxes under fire. Let him think, too, that in all those eleven days he has never for an instant been out of the thunder of cannon, that waking or sleeping their devastating crash has been blasting the air across within a mile or two, and this from an artillery so terrible that each discharge beats as it were a wedge of shock between the skull-bone and the brain. Let him think, too, that never for an instant, in all that time, has he been free or even partly free from the peril of death in its most sudden and savage forms, and that hourly in all that time he has seen his friends blown to pieces at his side, or dismembered or drowned, or driven mad, or stabbed, or sniped by some unseen stalker, or bombed in the dark sap with a handful of dynamite in a beef-tin, till their blood is caked upon his clothes and thick upon his face, and that he knows as he stares at the hill, that in a few moments, more of that dwindling band already too few, God knows how many too few, for the task to be done, will be gone the same way, and that he himself may reckon that he has done with life, tasted and spoken and loved his last, and that in a few minutes more may be blasted dead, or lying bleeding in the scrub, with perhaps his face gone and a leg and an arm broken, unable to move but still alive, unable to drive away the flies or screen the ever-dropping rain, in a place where none will find him or be able to help him, a place where he will die and rot and shrivel, till nothing is left of him but a few rags and a few remnants and a little identification-disc flapping on his bones in the wind.

Though America's inventive genius has helped to make the battles of today the concentration of horrors above described, the cartoonist depicts America looking in vain for some means of making the repetition of such a scene impossible. But perhaps if he had found room in his drawing for the Tables of the Law and for the Cross of Christ he would have suggested to the thoughtful a way of lessening the ruthlessness of future wars. For if most of the world's rulers, generals, diplomats and legislators could once be brought to a practical conviction that the Ten Commandments are as binding on them as on the people they govern, lead, "protect" and make laws for, it would be safe to predict that a war like the present one could never happen again. If States and Governments moreover, in their dealings and relations with one another will in future be guided more by the principles of Christian ethics and less by pagan and Machiavellian rules of "diplomacy" and statecraft, such a merciless and world-embracing conflict as is now going on will be an impossibility.

Masonry in Mexico

THE trenchant editor of the *American Freemason* is writing with unscented carmine ink once again. The "church papers" are the victims of his Jove-like wrath, and, verily, the inoffensive reviews have come out of the ordeal, resembling victims of German measles in war time. It happened this way: One Brother Seamon, P. G. M., wrote an article on Masonry in Mexico and, like all faithful members of the craft, told of the trials and glory of the lodges in the Republic beyond the Rio Grande. For the most part, the trials consist in diminished members of English-speaking brethren, while the

glory lies in the fact that Masonry is guarding "the true light" in the distraught country. That is practically the sum and substance of the article. True, Brother Seamon does say that some of the lodges, apparently both English and Mexican, have been very naughty indeed. "The charter was withdrawn from the lodge at Juarez, because of 'irregular and un-Masonic conduct;'" as for Mexican lodges, they have been guilty of "erratic actions," but then such lodges are not recognized by American Masonry, nor can the fraternity be held responsible for them. Thus Brother Seamon says his word, then carmine ink begins to flow. Brother Morcombe writes: Behold, how the craft doth struggle for its very life in Mexico, and yet church papers accuse it of foul deeds and what-not. Miserable sheets, they are ignorant, or else of deliberate intent they hide or distort the truth, relying "upon the ignorance and prejudice of readers to carry over a whole series of lies." This is so novel that were not Papists both ignorant and prejudiced, they would be amazed. As it is, they can but gaze upon it with stony eyes and in the half-glimmer of stunted intelligence wonder what it means. And Brother Morcombe will pity them, perhaps to the extent of a manly tear. But after all, as a rule, church papers followed the lead of Masonic papers in condemning Mexican Masonry, indeed, the latter reviews excelled the former in heat of indignation and vehemence of phrase. Last year, Mr. Eber Cole Byam, a Mason of long residence in Mexico, declared in the *Builder*, a Masonic magazine, that "Latin-American Masonry is atheistic, revolutionary and contentious, and in Mexico it has become *anarchistic and murderous*." What benighted editor of a church paper could say that? Not one of the tribe could command such vigorous language, even with the aid of a "Standard," a "Roget," Billy Sunday, and a prohibition journal. Then, too, the *Masonic Tidings*, quoted by the *Indiana Catholic and Record* for November 30, 1917, paid tribute to the craft in a way that made many a "mousey" editor of a church paper exclaim: "Lord, how those Masons can hammer, give us of their power, we beseech Thee; but do not permit us to forget the use of the trowel too often, for much patching will have to be done, when we become cool again. Amen." Here are the quoted words of the *Masonic Tidings*:

We have the authority of the *Masonic Standard* of New York City that recently, in this country, Right Worshipful Egon Edward Schoenwald of Mexico City made the statement that nearly all men of prominence and influence in the Republic of Mexico were members of the Masonic fraternity; that Scottish Rite Masonry was the strongest power recognized in that country. Moreover, he makes the remarkable statement that nearly every governor in Mexico is a thirty-second degree Mason; that General Bernard Reyes and Felix Diaz were thirty-second degree Masons; that Madero, who was President of Mexico, was a thirty-second degree Mason, and that at the time he captured Diaz and Reyes [rebels against the then Government] he ordered them shot; that they were finally saved from the death penalty and ordered to be imprisoned for life, because, as states Brother Schoenwald, they were Masons.

He further stated that Huerta, who also was a thirty-second degree Mason, when he captured Madero, ordered him shot, and for this act was expelled from the institution of Freemasonry.

We have no doubt that these statements made by Brother Schoenwald are true and historically correct; made with the best intentions solely to convey the idea that these distinguished citizens and Masons represent the most patriotic sentiment of their country; that if Mexico was to be saved and freed from barbaric rule, these were the class of men to bring about a better condition of affairs.

We, however, are not so much interested in these dignitaries, nor are we particularly interested in the recital of these horrible deeds, for murder has grown to be a pastime with the people of Mexico. *What most interests us is that a particular class of men, so influential and powerful in Mexico, acknowledged Masons, should be archconspirators and perpetrators in sanctioning and committing the crime of murder* (Italics inserted).

Let us then emphasize the fact that Latin Masonry, in many respects has little in common with Masonry as practised in the United States; that Freemasons and Freemasonry in this country, never will, never has [*sic*], countenanced the hideous atrocities and crimes committed as set forth in the Schoenwald statement. As a fraternity we object to being judged by such standard.

This takes two leaves from every church paper in the United States, for, as far as we know, none of the latter accused the Mexican craft of substituting murder for croquet and ping-pong. True, the Right Worshipful Egon Edward Schoenwald may be a Jesuit in disguise, but José Castellot is not: he is Past Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons of Mexico, and he wrote with his own cute, disingenuous, un-Jesuitical hand that Mexican Masonry plunged deep into the Madero rebellion after having tried to persuade Diaz "to prepare the *presidential succession* . . . a task which might have been accomplished without serious consequences under his skilful guidance, *coupled with the ungrudging support always given him by our people*" [the Masons]. (Italics inserted.)

It is but fair to say that many Masonic papers in the United States, the *American Freemason* sometimes included, "repudiated the Mexican groups, calling themselves Masons." (*American Freemasonry*.) But then when Mgr. Kelley, of Chicago, once made this same statement, the *New Age* for August, 1915, official organ of the Supreme Council 33° A. and A. Scottish Rite of Freemasonry S. J., U. S. A., spoke this way, through the lips of the aforesaid redoubtable José, who preens himself on his extensive knowledge of Latin Masonry, especially the Mexican variety:

It is not true that Masons do not recognize Latin Masonry; precisely the contrary is the case. The international Conference of the Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite which took place in Washington in October, 1912, is clear and irrefutable proof of the fraternity which exists between Latin Masonry and the Masonry of Europe and America. Nearly all of the Supreme Councils of Latin Masonry were represented there, and the American Masons during the Conference and before it, at the ceremonies which were celebrated in Boston, showed their feelings of hospitality in so delightful a manner that the memory of those Conferences will remain in the hearts of those who participated in them with constant pleasure and gratitude.

And once upon a time, unless coy memory fails us, Brother Morcombe wrote in a similar vein. However, he is herewith forgiven, for in the foreword to Brother Seamon's article, he says: "There is no doubt that some men, perhaps some bodies, claiming to be Masonic, and including natives and foreigners, have been unwise in speech and action." In very truth they have been brutal, and the result is tragic beyond expression. As a consequence,

church papers have failed to do justice to their deeds: but Masonic reviews, edited by men around whose heads are halos of true light, have risen to the occasion, and made these facts clear beyond peradventure of doubt: Mexican Masonry is anarchistic and murderous: church papers failed to grasp the full horror of conditions; it was left to Masonic reviews to expose villainy too foul for detailed narration.

Literature

A LITERARY MENTOR AND HIS PUPIL

ONE of the most lovable and helpful men of letters of the last fifty years, though full worthy of a devoted Boswell, is yet without one, in effect, at least, if not in anticipation: Father Matthew Russell, S.J., whose helpful love illuminates the brilliant chapters in a score of distinguished biographies and books of reminiscence, is himself left without the honor of a distinct and adequate biography. Some little sketches, full of grateful recognition of his helpfulness, appeared shortly after his death; but the snows have covered the beautifully tinted leaves of autumn, and time has bestowed these fugitive papers silently away among the crannies of reference libraries. Yet, lacking his own Boswell, Father Russell has not been overlooked—How could he be?—by the faithful biographers of other men and women whom he assisted to summits of fame. A list of these names would almost be a catalogue of the best Catholic writers of the last half-century. Not from Ireland alone do they answer the roll-call; but from England as well, and from Australia and Canada and the United States. Two of many yet living, Katherine Tynan and William Butler Yeats, artists of exceedingly able craftsmanship, were literary novices under him. And now comes, in Father Heuser's book about Canon Sheehan, a splendid revelation of Father Russell's heart and mind in service to one who rose high in the apostolate of the pen. Speaking figuratively—mathematical figuring, not rhetorical—it is safe from exaggeration to say that one-third of the personal inspiration in the life of the great Irish novelist is a transcript of Father Russell's sympathetic assistance; more than that, the record of the latter coincides at every point with the aspirations and achievements of the scribe of Doneraile.

In witness to this large assertion, one which can be advanced for Father Russell in the lives of many other writers, there are abundant *loci citandi* in this recent biography of the Canon. In the files of the *Irish Monthly* too, that unique magazine which was never a burial-ground but a verdant fields of spring for young writers, how many pages were open to the pen of "P. A. S." while Patrick A. Sheehan was passing through his noviceship in letters. And how intimately the correspondence between editor and pupil displays the reliance of the young writer upon his generous and judicious Mentor. One sentence from the biography gives a comprehensive statement of their relations: "Before looking for a publisher (for his first book) Father Sheehan deemed it advisable to submit his manuscript to the judgment of Matthew Russell, S.J., who had hitherto encouraged his literary efforts, not only by publishing verses and short stories from his pen, but by putting him in communication with other literary people." Besides this happy function of introducing Canon Sheehan to academicians in letters, one of the graceful services that Father Russell constantly performed for other writers as well, he undertook to play the part of a "clipping bureau," and to send the growing novelist the welcome notices from the press. "I tear out the enclosed from

the last *American Catholic Quarterly*. The advertisement in the *Westminster Gazette* of Monday gives a good phrase from the *Spectator* and another from *Punch*. In Dublin I saw Stephen Gwynn's new book, 'Today and Tomorrow in Ireland'; two of the essays are reviews of 'Luke Delmege' and 'My New Curate,' one of them reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* where I saw it at Lord Gormanston's." Such was the happy burden of many letters; his courtesies which were also charity implied the patient labor of transcribing passages of the criticisms when the press clipping could not be made. "The *Times* calls it ['Glenanaar'], 'a vigorous and skilful piece of work'—that you have hit on 'a fine subject for romance,' and that you 'know well the humor, the faults and the pathos' of certain phases of nationalism."

Let it not be imagined, however, that mere effusiveness of admiration flowed from the Mentor's pen. Father Russell was not blind to certain blemishes in the art of Canon Sheehan, nor was he deaf to many hostile criticisms which were made by good men and true among their countrymen. But, a De Sales in recognizing the efficacy of honey rather than vinegar in such cases, the genial editor knew how to administer doses of admonition and even reprehension. There were little lapses in artistic structure to be noted. Observe the naïve hesitation in this passage about "Glenanaar"; call it tact, helpful and constructive; it is also one of the little flowers of Gaelic culture.

I wonder what rank "Glenanaar" will take in the hierarchy of your books. There are certainly very noble things in it, and it is completely different from all your other books. When it comes out in book form, I will probably see the symmetry of your plan better than I do now. The construction is certainly complicated, reminiscence alternating with contemporary history. . . . The *Messenger* has misgivings about your arrangements of the parts of your story—going back so minutely into the past after you had begun by presenting your hero in the present. Probably the story could not have been told otherwise.

Moreover on the point about the Canon's representation of Irish types, a wide circle of censure rippled along the shores of criticism; little pebbles of protest disturbing the full waters of praise from other quarters. And, to pause for a moment, upon this point of the critics, it seems strange indeed at this later day, and with Father Heuser's splendid book in hand, to hear a continuance of the echo of censure; that Sheehan does not give a "right concept" of the Irish character; and that he had "this or that" motive in his caustic satire upon some phases of Irish life. Motives in writing, he had certainly; but our present-day critics should learn what these were from the biography which is now within reaching distance. And what folly to expect that a single writer should give a perfect and thorough "concept" of Irish national life, the most complex, and yet seen in another light, the most simple institution in modern history. Who can place the finger upon the pulse of that national life? Renan and Matthew Arnold failed in their attempt; Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have only

partially touched it. If the national life, and the men and women who have their being in it were stagnant with irreligion, or stolid with the world's stoicism, the analyst's task would be easy indeed; but a nation which is as young and vigorous today, as when Brian fell at Clontarf, and when Sarsfield walked out of the trenches at Limerick, a nation which during these past 300 years, tried by wars and persecution and famine, has lived under the motto, "'Tis morn on the hills of Inisfail"—how shall such a nation give to its novelist only a Mongolian type of external and internal plainness to contemplate and represent?

Father Russell, like many other Irishmen among both clergy and laity, did not relish all of the pictures of Irish life given by the novelist; he even felt that at times the ethical impression was harmful or calculated to be such. But there were great ethical impressions to be obtained in the larger view of the Canon's novels. Realizing that, Father Russell was instant with such lines as these: "'Luke Delmege' is getting the better of its enemies. . . . Write whatever you feel inclined to, and don't mind anybody. . . . Follow your own inspirations bravely to the end and make this perhaps the most beautiful of all your books." And admonition can be given under the kindly veil of innuendo, as in this letter: "Dr. MacCarthy (son of the poet Denis Florence) thinks you run down our poor people too much. Scott idealized his countrymen and raised the appreciation of Scotland abroad. My friend whom I like so much—Mrs. Francis Blundell—vexes me in some of her Irish sketches with the tone she adopts towards her humbler characters." How masterly the manner of the admonition! What heart within the art! Note it well; and deem not the insistence upon this point to be sophomoric or whimsical. Though Father Russell did not relish certain phases of the Canon's characterizations, yet he in a broader view saw the intent and effect of the great novelist's productions, and he aspired to make them truer and more effective. And as proof of his disapproval of some of the work, here is a quotation sent under date of February 7, 1910, by Father Russell to the present writer who had taken occasion to praise one of Canon Sheehan's poems, "Senten the Culdee," and had then passed on to a laudation of "The Blindness of Dr. Gray": "I object to the idea that Canon Sheehan gives of our Irish people. It is not like our people at all as far as I know them. He pleases the English critics too much. The *Westminster Gazette* says very truly, 'Canon Sheehan does not like the Irish character.'"

The writer then ventured to send Father Russell a refutation of the latter's contention and to tell him how true and strong Canon Sheehan's American readers seemed to find his characterizations. Just because that letter had praise of Canon Sheehan's work and mission Father Russell forwarded it to Doneraile, and Canon Sheehan wrote by the very next mail, under date of March 3, 1910: "I had already seen some kind expressions from your pen through Father Russell; and for these and the good words of your letter, accept my grateful recognition."

This helpfulness and tact and Gaelic culture which Father Russell displayed towards his protégé at Doneraile kept faithful and true to the end. A beautiful passage in one of the Canon's letters, of September, 1910, reads like a "general confession" to one whom he seemed to consider his pastor in the literary world. "Dear Father Russell," he wrote: "As we say down south: 'You have always the pleasant word!' . . . You say: How many minds have I influenced already! I hope for good, because as the night draws on we are thrown ever more inward and inward in self-examination; and I can only say that my intentions were always upright and sincere, in trying to lift the minds of men to higher levels of thought, through the medium of literature. How far I have succeeded cannot yet be known."

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE PENITENT

O! Mary lead me back again to thee;
Too long my soul has wandered from the light;
Upon my desert heart the chilly night
Has fallen,—and I know not where to flee.
'Tis late the hour; mine eyes no longer see;
My cries are sob-stilled and no refuge bright
Has stopt my slowing steps; no chimes invite
Save those that fall from tow'rs of memory.

Ah! Mother, give me back the ashen years
That wove the fabric of a ghastly dream;
Revive the withered hopes my spring had known,
And let me now refresh them with my tears,
That love's warmth may my barrenness redeem,
And autumn's harvest for the past atone.

CLARE GERALD FENERTY, U. S. N. R. F.

REVIEWS

The Cambridge History of American Literature. Edited by WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT, M.A., LL.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; JOHN ERSKINE, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; STUART P. SHERMAN, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Illinois; CARL VAN DOREN, Head Master of the Brearley School. In Three Volumes. Colonial and Revolutionary Literature. Early National Literature. Part I. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50.

Now more than at any other time, it is the duty of every American to become acquainted with the history of his country, of its literature and its national life. To all lovers of American letters, therefore, the present volume will be most welcome. It is planned on a large and generous scale. If the succeeding volumes equal it in size and scholarship, we shall have at last something like an adequate exposition of the literary tendencies at work in the country from early colonial times down to the beginning of the twentieth century. The names of the editors are a sufficient warrant for accuracy, and comprehensive grasp of the subject.

An admirable bibliography of 200 closely packed pages gives evidence of the wide reading and searching erudition which have gone into the making of the volume. From the opening chapter on "Travelers and Explorers," by George Parker Winship, down to the closing chapter, on Emerson, by Paul Elmer More, each subject is treated by one especially fitted for the task. "Colonial Newspapers and Magazines," by Elizabeth Christine Cook, makes a particularly interesting study. What a stride from the staid and leisurely New England *Courant*, published by James Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's elder brother, to the monster and aggressive sheets of our day! "American Political Writing," a department where some of the best work by Americans has been done, falls to William MacDonald, of Brown University. The writing of our early American statesmen is generally of a high order and the reason is not far to seek, for they grasped a few fundamental principles thoroughly and believed in them with all their soul. Therefore when they came to give expression to them, it was from a full and burning heart that they spoke. They were eloquent because they had supreme faith in what they said. Major George Haven Putnam sketches the work of Washington Irving, Carl Van Doren writes of the development of the novel and does full justice to Cooper, and to the too much neglected Simms and Melville. Bryant, the only great poet of this period, is sympathetically studied by William Ellery Leonard, while the aberrations of New England Transcendentalism are outlined by Harold Clark Goddard. But the great Catholic writer Orestes A. Brownson, one of the greatest minds, according to Lord Brougham, which America has produced, does not get the place nor the space which his talents deserve.

One of the main characteristics of the volume is that, while its writers have endeavored to enumerate as far as possible the authors, who have distinguished themselves in any field of work, they have, besides this, attempted to give a connected view of the main movements and currents in American literature and to bring out that which is distinctive and characteristically American in our writers. This first volume will whet the appetite of the public for a second and equally substantial course.

J. C. R.

The Life and Letters of Sister St. Francis Xavier (Irma Le Fer de la Motte) of the Sisters of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. By one of Her Sisters, MME. CLÉMENTINE DE LA CORBINIÈRE. Translated from the French by the Sisters of Providence. Revised and Enlarged Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.25.

This biography was first published in France in 1879 and appeared in English in 1882. As the latter version has long been out of print, the Sisters of Providence have done well to issue a revised edition of the life and letters of one of Indiana's pioneer Catholic educators, now that that State has recently celebrated the centennial of its entrance into the Union. Irma Le Fer de la Motte, like so many of those who laid the Church's foundations in this country, was French, being born in Brittany in 1816. Taking the veil at Ruille in 1840, about a year later she left France for America and in January, 1842, reached Indiana and St. Mary-of-the-Woods, where she was joyfully welcomed by Mother Theodore Guérin, the foundress of that renowned convent-school, who seems to have always thought a great deal of Sister Xavier. Though the Sisters had been in their new home more than a year, conditions were still very primitive and the intrepid religious had many a privation and hardship to endure. But postulants joined them at once, and their school grew steadily, for Indiana Protestants soon realized that the education these accomplished French ladies could give girls was not to be missed, even if it came from dangerous Popish sources. Sister Xavier in her letters home tells her relatives many entertaining anecdotes about the ignorant bigotry of the early Hoosiers, but the devoted Sisters nevertheless won their way and made St. Mary-of-the-Woods a powerful center of Catholic influence and conversions were numerous. In 1848 the subject of this biography was made mistress of novices, but a few years later her health, which was always very delicate, failed completely and she passed to her reward early in 1856.

W. D.

The Church and the Hour. By VIDA D. SCUDDER, A.M. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.

The multitude of conflicting opinions connoted by the word Socialism would make it difficult enough to appraise the worth of a book in which this term might be used as one of constant value without being anywhere defined. If anything could aggravate this difficulty, it would surely be a proposal to reconcile this undefined Socialism with an even less defined Christianity. This, however, is the impossible task upon which a member of the faculty of Wellesley College in the present collection of essays throws away an excellent style, a creditable amount of earnest thought and a wealth of sincere conviction. Where the author who, in her sub-title, styles herself "a Socialist Churchwoman," pleads for Socialism, she enumerates certain recognized needs which are no more than practical demands of sound social reform, and then proceeds to relate them to some genuinely Socialistic principles which are anything but sound, and from which the natural derivation of the said demands is by no means obvious. But the muddle becomes simply hopeless when the oft-recurring question, why the Church

does not embrace these principles, meets with tentative solutions in which "the Church" is understood in at least three different senses: the Catholic Church before the Reformation, the post-Reformation Anglican Establishment, and an imaginary collection of all the extant Christian societies, successively doing duty for one idea, and replacing one another as readily as if they were both synonymous in concert and identical in fact. Were Socrates to reappear in some modern centers of learning, with his pitiless insistence on exact definition as the basis of all practical philosophy, he would probably meet with even shorter shrift than he obtained in ancient Athens. And yet another Socrates is much needed in "the Athens of America" and elsewhere.

W. H. McC.

The Climax of Civilization. \$1.25; **Socialism.** \$1.50; **Feminism.** \$2.50. By CORREA MOYLAN WALSH. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. The Three Volumes, \$4.50.

The name of the writer at first sight leaves the impression of a feminine authorship. The style and cast of thought, however, are those of a man who uses no circumlocutions in conveying his views of the "weaker vessel." His theory in brief is that civilization progresses in cycles. The civilization of every State or group of States, he holds, forms a cycle, rising during an ascending period, like the lowest point in the circumference of a moving wheel. There is next a stationary epoch, when the top of the wheel has been reached, and it is here that we find ourselves at present. Thence the cycle passes into its decline, which is now apparently beginning, and ends in a lethargic condition when the bottom of the wheel has been reached. From the latter state a given civilization may possibly rise again for a new cycle, or may continue in an indefinitely prolonged stage of decrepitude. Yet some general progress has nevertheless been made in so far as the wheel itself has advanced, by one rotation, on its onward way.

It is a very elaborate theory, false in its beginning by representing man as evolving from the ape. The earliest savagery represents the state of degradation to which groups of men or entire nations sank. This decline from civilization into barbarism has constantly repeated itself, and new developments of civilization from such debased conditions have as constantly been taking place and are taking place today. This is the pith of truth contained in his thesis, which might be stated very simply and briefly.

In the author's view the decline of civilization is invariably accompanied, or brought about by three social conditions, which may be described as Socialism, feminism and religion. Thus in the declining cycle of Roman civilization,

The Christians added one more vice, the most dangerous of all; for they raised weakness to a cult. . . . Naturally, with this failing, with its treatment of all men and women as brothers and sisters, and its consequent confusion of the sexes, its want of patriotism, and also, springing from its disregard of the morrow on earth, its advocacy of celibacy, Christianity could do nothing to stem the decay.

The writer's insight into the most important factor of civilization may be gaged by these lines. While he has gathered together a mass of information, and often defends correct principles in his attack upon Socialism and the vices of feminism, he is utterly unreliable. In his eyes men and women are merely more highly developed brutes and there are no religious standards, since religion and "priestcraft" are the basest and most debasing superstitions. The author's historical allusions to Christianity and his interpretation of quotations from Christian literature show a complete lack of understanding. His morality consists in the highly developed pagan prudence of the ape-man and ape-woman.

J. H.

The Externals of the Catholic Church, By REV. JOHN F. SULLIVAN. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

Every one who has also read Father Scott's book, "God and Myself" cannot fail to remark how that book is remarkably complimented by this complete and faithful compendium of all the concrete facts of Catholic life. To the Catholic who has mastered the doctrines of Christ or the non-Catholic who would know how those doctrines work out in practice and devotion, this book will be found of great value. The author's aim has been to give what even faithful Catholics are too often lacking in, accurate knowledge of the government, liturgy, festivals, sacramentals and devotions of the Church. Besides, there are chapters on the religious state, church music, fasting, the Missal, Breviary and Ritual, marriage laws, canonization and many other subjects, all treated with a historical and descriptive method that is interesting as well as enlightening. It is remarkable how much information the author has managed to compress into the limits of 385 pages. Father Sullivan, who is a priest of the Providence diocese, makes his readers realize a long-felt need and has filled it exceedingly well. Catholics will be made better lovers of their Church by this book, and non-Catholics will doubtless find a powerful magnet in this fascinating pageant of the Church's every-day life.

J. W. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Many of those who read in last week's AMERICA Mr. Shane Leslie's trenchant paper, entitled "The Drive on the Pope" are no doubt eager to see "No Small Stir," the brilliant vindication of the Holy Father's attitude toward all the belligerents which "Diplomaticus," a member of the Anglican Church, has written and which Mr. Leslie quoted. With the kind permission of the Society of Sts. Peter and Paul, London, "No Small Stir" is reprinted in the current *Catholic Mind*. "Isn't it shocking that the Pope is so pro-German?" is the wail that "Diplomaticus" often heard in England. On investigation he found that the charges made against the Holy Father could be summarized thus:

(1) The Pope had no right to remain neutral in the present conflict. (2) Even if we pardon his neutrality, we have still to complain that it was a neutrality unfavorable to the Allies and favorable to the Central Powers. In particular the Vatican has shut its eyes to the wrong done to Belgium and (3) has plotted against Italy. (4) The Vatican is intriguing to restore the Holy Roman Empire. (5) The ideals of the Vatican are essentially in harmony with the theories of Prussia, and essentially in discord with the policy and maxims of the Entente.

The author then takes them up one by one and conclusively demonstrates from the words and deeds of his Holiness that all the foregoing charges are quite baseless. The other article in this number of the *Catholic Mind* is Cardinal Gasparri's refutation of the London *Morning Post's* calumnies regarding the Pope's alleged responsibility for Italy's recent military disasters. Loyal Catholics should see that this issue of the little fortnightly is read where the information it gives is most needed.

Maurice Barrès' inspiring address, "The Undying Spirit of France" (Yale University Press, \$0.80), delivered before the British Academy, has been translated into English by Margaret W. B. Corwin. The foreword by Theodore Stanton does not praise too highly the gifted Frenchman's concise, vivid and altogether pleasing style. Finding a striking similarity between the courage and self-sacrifice displayed by the 1914-16 French youth and the millions of intrepid soldiers, who, from the time of Clovis, through the Crusades and the European wars fought for the glorification of their beloved France, M. Barrès affirms that "They [Frenchmen] die for France, as far as the purposes

of France may be identified with the purposes of God and, indeed, with those of humanity." A more intense love of country than that evinced in the several "last messages" set down is scarcely to be desired.—"The German Terror in France" (Hodder & Stoughton), by Arnold J. Toynbee, is a slightly detailed record of the destruction and outrage that came with the wave of German invasion, as it broke upon and swept across France, till stopped at the Marne. The book is a direct continuation of the author's "German Terror in Belgium," published some months ago. It is not at all pleasant reading, being an unvarnished record of gruesome and revolting deeds. The facts are gathered from the records of officially appointed commissions, etc. The author generally refrains from comments.

"Three Centuries of American Poetry and Prose" (Scott, Foresman, Chicago, \$1.75), which Alphonso Gerald Newcomer, Alice E. Andrews, and Howard Judson Hall have selected and edited, is a substantial book of 876 pages, containing adequate examples of American authors' work from the days of Captain John Smith to those of Emily Dickinson. Teachers of English who found the present editors' "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose" so useful a book will no doubt be glad to know that its companion volume is now ready. Nearly a hundred authors are represented by well-chosen passages from their writings, footnotes are provided and a paragraph of biographical data precedes each writer's contribution to the volume. Schools with small libraries will find that books of this character help to solve pressing problems.

From an unpublished manuscript in its possession, Northwestern University, with the aid of Dr. Schuller, has published the "Moseteno Vocabularies and Treatise," of Benigno Bibolotti, a Franciscan missionary among the Indian tribes of Bolivia. (Northwestern University: Evanston and Chicago). Of Bibolotti, little seems to be known. From his own statement he was still in charge of a Moseteno mission at the end of May, 1868. He was one of those splendid Franciscan missionaries whose services to religion and civilization cannot be too highly praised. It is to the credit of Northwestern University and to the scholars who have introduced his work to the public that they fully recognize the heroism and zeal of Bibolotti and his brethren, while they pay a deserved tribute to their ethnological and linguistic studies. After an introduction by Dr. Schuller, in which, among other subjects, he discusses the Moseteno Indians and previous writing on Moseteno, and then adds Moseteno vocabularies, Bibolotti's work, which may be called a Moseteno-Spanish lexicon is given. To this are appended a few short specimens of the missionary's sermons in Moseteno. Even those uninitiated in the intricacies of Bolivian dialects will appreciate what Bibolotti and his learned editors have done for the cause of comparative philology and ethnology.

Bertha Condé, the author of "The Human Elements in the Making of a Christian" (Scribner, \$1.00), is a Y. W. C. A. worker, who writes thoughtfully of her experiences. Daily prayer, study of Christ and devotion to others would seem to have given her a sense of spiritual values, and she stresses the necessity of many Catholic practices, without apparently realizing that they are alien to her religion. Her analysis of non-Catholic religious experience is keen and accurate. In meeting intellectual difficulties and the widespread Protestant sense of unreality in religious matters she is helpless. Her superstitious fear of dogma and her amateurish interpretation of Scripture show her need of the infallible Church founded by the Christ she loves—"Spirit Power" (Dutton \$0.60), by May Thirza Churchill, is an admirable little book in many re-

spects. If the author, however, would only study the writings of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa on prayer, she would find her idea of it not quite the discovery she thinks it to be. She would learn besides to guard against confounding prayer with auto-suggestion, a mistake she clearly makes in the last chapter. Incidentally she might even realize that though she is on the right road and traveling in the right direction she is still far from home.

Mrs. Rheta Dorr, a New York newspaper woman, who is committed to Socialism, feminism and the "uplift" passed three months last summer in Russia, and the account of her experiences, written originally for the *Evening Mail*, she has now brought together in a book called "Inside the Russian Revolution" (Macmillan, \$1.50). There are interesting descriptions of street-fighting in Petrograd, which the author witnessed, of the effect on the army of the abolition of the death-penalty and of Kerensky's fatal order excusing soldiers from saluting their officers, and her account of the women's "Battalion of Death," whose camp she visited, is given with suspicious enthusiasm. Mrs. Dorr says that they "lost foolish mock-modesty when in camp," and she seems to exaggerate those 250 women's military value. What the author saw in Russia should have corrected a number of her "advanced" ideas.

"The Door" (Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, Shropshire, 1/6), the title of the pretty little book on the religious state which Mrs. Armel O'Connor published some years ago, has lately been reprinted. The life of high spiritual usefulness led by the enclosed nun is well explained.—"Sister Rose and the Mass of Reparation" (Herder, \$0.20), by Mother Mary of the Cross, is a booklet of sixty-six pages, setting forth the devotion of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament as well as "the heavenly intercession of that humble and saintly woman, Sister Rose, who, under God, was the originator of this new devotion." The origin of the Confraternity of the Holy Mass of Reparation, its practice, its aim, its spiritual advantages and conditions of membership are treated in the appendix.—A third revised edition of "The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Office of the Dead" (Herder, \$0.60), has recently appeared. The Offices in Latin and English are arranged according to the Reformed Roman Breviary.

Carroll Aikin's "Poems" (Sherman, French, \$0.75) are characterized by an admirable spirit of faith and a keen enjoyment of outdoor life. "Credo," the opening poem of the little volume well expresses the tenets of the poet's belief, and his love-songs are artistic in their restraint. The following sonnet is called "In the Orchard":

I see God in my orchard every hour,
And in the downward pulses of the sun
I feel His heart beat, and I feel the power
Of pregnancy in every passing shower;
And still I find His infinite spirit spun
In bud and blossom, and His bidding done
By amber bees, and many a pollens flower,
With mating song and silent orison.

And when night hovers over field and grove
With shadowy plumage, and all creatures sleep,
Still on the lake the guardian waters keep
A lamping vigil with His stars above,
And in the vast, unventured hills I see
The awful measure of His mastery.

As is generally true of devotional verse, Anna B. Bensel's "A Voice from Silence" (Sherman, French, \$1.00), is richer

in piety than in poetry. Being completely deaf and almost blind, the author has found comfort in putting her thoughts into meter and rhyme. "When the Roses Died" and "Counting Off the Daisy" are perhaps the best poems in the volume.—Mr. John Peale Bishop's "Green Fruit" (Sherman, French, \$0.80), a sardonic critic might say, contains a number of pieces that well deserve that name. "Claudius" and "Morning," for example, certainly do not express the beautiful. Better far is the sonnet beginning "Sleep brought me vision of my lady dead," and the author's marked fondness for free verse is justified best by these lines called "In the Beginning":

I had dreamed that Love would come under broad pennons of
gold,
With rumbling of ponderous drums and conches braying,
Straying of crimson,
Bickering of banners blown to vermilion and gold,
With brown-burnt faces under barbaric turbans,
And a tumult of hoofs upon stony pavements.

And Love has come . . .
But quietly as a girl who walks
With bare feet over the warm grass
In a night of moths and roses.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The American Book Co., New York:
Everyday English Composition. By Emma Miller Bolenius, A.M. \$0.80; Hamilton's Standard Arithmetics, Books I, II and III. By Samuel Hamilton, Ph.D. \$0.44, \$0.48, and \$0.56, respectively; The Science and the Art of Teaching. By Daniel Wolford La Rue, Ph.D. \$1.20; New American History. By Albert Bushnell Hart, LL.D. Illustrated. \$1.72; Around the World with the Children. By Frank G. Carpenter, Litt.D. Illustrated. \$0.60.
- Arcadius Avellanus, New York:
Fabulae Tusculanae. Fasc. 1-5. Palaestra. Part I.
- The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Private Peat. By Harold R. Peat. \$1.50.
- George H. Doran Co., New York:
Lord Northcliffe's War Book. With Chapters on America at War. Being a Revised and Enlarged Edition of "At the War."
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
A Crusader of France. The Letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont of the Chasseurs Alpins. Translated from the French by G. Frederick Tees. With a Foreword by Henry Bordeaux. \$1.50.
- Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Full Measure of Devotion. By Dana Gatlin. \$0.50.
- Ecole Sociale Populaire, Montreal:
Le Clergé et l'Action sociale. Preface de Monseigneur Gauthier; La Question sociale et nos Devoirs de catholiques. Joseph-Papin Archambault, S.J. 40 sous.
- Ginn & Co., Boston:
An Elementary Course in Differential Equations. By Edward J. Maurus, M. S. \$0.72.
- Harper & Brothers, New York:
The Harper Centennial, 1817-1917. A Few of the Greetings and Congratulations.
- Renteria; Guipuzcoa (Espagne):
Catechisme de Perfection Chretienne et Religieuse.
- B. Herder, St. Louis:
Apologetical Studies. By the Very Rev. J. Tixeront, S.S., D.D. Authorized English Translation. \$0.75; Organ Accompaniment to Rev. W. B. Sommerhauser's Students' Mass and Hymnal. Prepared by Victor Winter, S.J. \$2.50.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The British Navy at War. By W. Macneile Dixon; The Cruise of the Corwin. Journal of the Arctic Expedition of 1881 in Search of De Long and the Jeannette. By John Muir. Edited by William Frederick Bode. \$2.75; On the Field of Honor. By Hughes le Roux. \$1.50; The Expansion of Europe: the Culmination of Modern History. By Ramsay Muir. Second Edition.
- John Lane Company, New York:
Gardens Overseas and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. \$1.25.
- Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
Cabin Fever; a Novel. By B. M. Bower. \$1.35; The Wolf-Cub; a Novel of Spain. By Patrick and Terence Casey. \$1.40.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Early Essays and Lectures. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New Edition. \$1.25; Mère Marie de Jesus, Foundress of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. (Adapted from the French.) \$1.10.
- The Macmillan Co., New York:
A Short History of Science. By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. \$2.50; Inside the Russian Revolution. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Illustrated. \$1.50; The Old Front Line. \$1.00; Gallipoli. \$1.35. By John Masefield.
- Russell Sage Foundation, New York:
Disasters and the American Red Cross in Disaster Relief. By J. Byron Deacon. \$0.75.
- Sherman French & Co., Boston:
Green Fruit. By John Peale Bishop. \$0.80; Poems. By Carroll Aikins. \$0.75; A Voice from the Silence. By Anna B. Bensel. \$1.00.
- University of California Press, Berkeley:
California: the Name. By Ruth Putnam. \$0.75; Edmund Spenser, a Critical Study. By Herbert Ellsworth Cory. \$2.50.
- Joseph F. Wagner (Inc.), New York:
Conferences for Men. Intended in Particular for Holy Name Societies. By Rev. Reynold Kuehnle. \$1.50; The Casuist. A Collection of Cases in Moral and Pastoral Theology. Prepared and Edited by Reverend J. A. McHugh, O.P. Vol. V.

EDUCATION

Enlisting the Colleges for War

BY invitation of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the representatives of nearly 100 American colleges and technical schools met at Washington on January 11. Although calling forth a bare announcement in the press, it may yet be found that at this important conference a new page was written in the history of American education. For all its undoubted worth, the education of half a century ago was marked, it has been observed, by a certain aloofness, charming, but academic and somewhat self-conscious, marking it off too severely from the actualities of life. The movement of more recent years toward the socialization of the schools, inspired, it is true, by a philosophy burdened with all the defects of its good qualities, has brought life and education into closer harmony, thereby conferring a mutual benefit. If half the plans proposed at the Washington conference survive the strangling influence of the red tape which even now is slowly unwinding from the bolts, a further step toward a more accurate and useful coordination will be the happy result.

WHAT THE CONFERENCE PROPOSED

ON December 24, 1917, the colleges were invited to meet at the capital. The general topic of the proposed conference was the possibility of so organizing the schools as to afford the Government a maximum of assistance, with a minimum of "disorganization of the college work proper." It should here be remarked that nothing is farther from the intention of the Government, than to discourage the college of the old-fashioned "classical type." In the years of reconstruction following the war, not less but more deeply, will its humanizing influences be needed. This vital point was clearly recognized by the conference, but, as will be seen, the classical colleges, too, are prepared to take their share in war work. Many, in fact, have already distinguished themselves in the fields open to them. For it need hardly be remarked in a day which witnessed the rout of President emeritus Eliot by the late Father Timothy Brosnahan, S.J., that the pabulum of the "classical college" is not restricted to Latin and Greek. Of this truth, the laboratories of such representative institutions as Holy Cross and Boston College in the East, St. Louis University in the Middle West, and Santa Clara on the coast, are ample witness.

Making due acknowledgment of the services already afforded, the Board in its praise, certainly did not go beyond the bounds marked off by the merits of the case. The colleges and universities had been liberal in offering the Government the fullest use of all their resources. Whenever possible, they had urged the enlistment of students with such effect, in some cases, that the attendance in September, 1917, instead of the customary augmentation, showed losses ranging to forty per cent. For many of the smaller institutions, the corresponding falling off in fees, created a financial problem of grave import, a problem from which not even the wealthier institutions were wholly free. Nevertheless, the Board felt that the patriotism of the colleges was the guarantee of their readiness for further sacrifice in the common interest.

OCCUPATIONAL TRAINING

AMONG the various schedules prepared by the Board and submitted for discussion, the papers indorsed "War Training Memo. No. 7" and "Mem. Prosser. No. 88" are the most important. The first-named document sets forth the desire of the War Department to provide for the training, in about fifty occupations, of conscripted men in the second and succeeding drafts, "before they are called to the cantonments." The army needs electricians, wiremen, cable splicers, electrical machine repairmen, telephone repairmen, machinists of all kinds, automobile drivers and repairmen, telegraphers and radio-operators,

chemists, civil and mechanical engineers, metal workers, printers and wood workers. In the opinion of the Board, some of this training must be given at the camps, but the greater part will be more effectively and economically imparted in technical schools and colleges, and in industrial establishments cooperating with them. The schools, as the Board points out, have an equipment whose value is in excess of \$100,000,000, and facilities which no camp could possibly duplicate. By mutual concession, the Board suggested, camp and school could be so coordinated, that while place could be found for the special technical courses asked by the War Department, "too serious a disruption of the normal activities" of the school would be avoided. Some disruption, of course, is inevitable, particularly in the classical colleges. War is not an optional course of lectures on the literary fluff and floss of the renaissance, but something that puts the burden, in reality the privilege, of serving the country, upon all alike.

A SUGGESTED PROGRAM

THE second paper noted above, then relates that the experience of the last nine months has shown the need of "some definite, comprehensive program . . . immediately to secure the proper training of more than 200,000 conscripted men for more than fifty different mechanical, technical and engineering occupations required by the seven different branches of the army service." The Board therefore undertook the preparation of a program, which has been submitted to the Secretary of War. The Board suggests the creation of a division of the United States Army to be known as the "Educational Board or Division." It will be made up of representatives from the signal corps, the quartermaster's corps, the aviation division, the engineering corps, the ordnance division, the heavy artillery, and officers to represent the needs and demands of the line. The powers and duties of this Board will include not only the training and proper distribution of mechanics and technicians, but of special groups, such as translators, map-makers, and trainers of carrier-pigeons, commonly classified as neither mechanical nor technical. Finally, it is proposed that the Board be equipped with all necessary funds and authority to act immediately. Not without a touch of sarcasm does the memorandum remark, that "this authority should be as great as that given to any Board or official for the discharge of a vital task, such as the purchase of munitions or the care of wounded men."

An adequate allotment of moneys for the expenses of the enterprise should be made at the time the Board or division is created. It should be expended under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of War may determine. The task is a tremendous one, and the initial appropriation should be not less than \$10,000,000, with which to meet the administrative expenses of the Board or division, including the customary salaries, office expenses and necessary traveling expenses, and the cost of training itself.

Since the men assigned for this special training are enlisted men, "the principle of pay and subsistence for conscripted men in training, wherever they may be detailed, must be accepted." Otherwise, states the Board, the work of the proposed division will be useless. Similarly

The principle of pay for instruction given by the schools and colleges to conscripted men should be accepted. This charge is a legitimate one, because if the training is not done in this way, it will either not be done at all, or, if done by the army, will cost far more. For the army to provide equipment now owned by the schools and colleges would require the expenditure of \$100,000,000.

Further suggestions are detailed under sixteen heads. The courses of study are to be arranged by the Federal Board for Vocational Education in cooperation with the army branches concerned, and are to be approved by the army Board or division before being put into execution. When necessary, evening classes are to be established, and in all cases the training must

conform to accepted standards. Faculty members, if conscripted, will be detailed as instructors for such periods as may be required.

THE ATTITUDE OF OUR COLLEGES

A PART from the difficulty of securing the approval of Congress, every college administrator will recognize that to coordinate the new plan with the normal functioning of his school, will not be an easy task. Nevertheless, the difficulty should not be exaggerated, for our "classical" colleges are in many ways admirably fitted to give the training asked by the Government. An "old line college" of so wisely conservative a type as St. Louis University, has done war-work of high quality in its laboratories, and by establishing a school for telegraphy and radiography. A sincere and persistent effort will possibly disclose ways and means of cooperating with the Government, which are now unsuspected. Colleges and individuals are much alike in rarely knowing what they can do until they try. Mars and Apollo may well dwell in harmony under an academic roof. Often have our colleges reconciled interests that seemed far more antagonistic.

The Federal Board admits that it has stepped beyond strictly legal bounds in calling the conference, and there are those who regard with a jealous eye all possible encroachments by the Federal Government upon education. As matters have thus far developed, no "encroachment" is discernible; the only fear is, that little will be left of the proposal after a Congressional committee has debated it. But whatever the outcome, gratitude to the great country under which they have flourished, as well as the claims of religion, urges the Catholic colleges withhold nothing which may aid the Government in the prosecution of the great task which now confronts it.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Answer That Satisfies

"**I**F there's a God, this thing must stop soon," said our host. "That doesn't exactly follow," said the convert. "If the war *does* stop soon you might still ask, where God was when the war began."

"But God or no God, it's gone too far," insisted the other. I squirmed. Not so the convert. He knew "ex-Catholics," such as was our host.

"Why, in that event did it begin at all? There's a reason even for cereals, and there must be at least one for this war."

"There's no reason. If there's a God—"

"Sh," warned the convert. "Listen and I'll tell you the reason for the war. It's you: you're the reason. At least, you are one reason."

GOD'S REMINDER.

"**T**HE point is this," he went on; "'If there's a God,' He knows the difference between good men and bad men, between right and wrong. You've often heard it said by the advertiser that the world is growing better; also by ecclesiastics who are laughed at, that the world is at present very wicked. Now the fact is, Dives is getting richer and worldly wiser and more efficient, but that hasn't made him any better. Rather worse. You remember what Kipling made Dives say to Satan: 'Behold, all the earth is laid in the peace that I have made; and behold, I wait on thee to trouble it.' Well, Satan has troubled it, and God's Providence has permitted it. It's the old story of God or mammon: and if there is a God, He has a right, and, if I may say it, a duty to remind His children when they forget Him and worship mammon. If the war is not in some way God's scourge, a correction directed by a greater intelligence than our own, then there's very little reason for all this suffer-

ing and destruction. The whipping does no good. Now I can see how you—"

"See! Yes, you people full of religion can see; but I—well, I'm not so sure."

"Yes, as I said," proceeded the convert, "you are partly the reason for the war. You know children aren't whipped unless they are bad; and it's not just right to be saying, 'If there's a God,' and 'God or no God.'"

THE HARROWING.

"**W**ELL, that's one way of looking at it," admitted our host, smiling timidly.

"That's the only way," said the convert, getting more persistent. "What most of us need is to get over to France and feel death near. I dare say if you've ever felt death around you, it made you want to do something to be better?"

"For the time, yes."

"That's the spiritual side, you see. Men aren't mere machines; and 'if there's a God,' He's not a mere machine either. Death brings us closer to the spiritual side of things. So do suffering and disaster and war. That's how God makes His children remember Him and their immortal souls, when all else fails."

"What good when they're dead?" the other laughed.

"No: when they're dying and seeing others die. Also, when they are living. Nations are dying now, and you can observe the effect on nations. This is no speculation, no theory; it's history, fact. It's always been that way."

"Well?"

"Man has sinned, and God has seen it. That's a reason. It's easy to say, 'If there's a God,' but not so easy to explain these riddles of life if you doubt the existence of God, your immortal soul, and the next life. God has made man a little less than the Angels. If in war, man suffers with Christ, his is the Kingdom of Heaven; if God is left out, well, there's nothing left for the sufferer. There is no reason why all this should be, or any other sorrow in social or individual life, unless, perhaps, that he may open his eyes and see a reason. When a man throws out God, he's bidden a long farewell to all his greatness. There are no more angels than whom he is a little less, save perhaps the angels of darkness."

A sharp silence fell, and presently our host invited us to inspect his new library.

THE MEANING OF PAIN.

"**I**F there's a God in the heavens." How easily the phrase rolls from the weary warriors of this world, stirred from their lazy luxuries to face the wages of sin! Gold is tried in the fire, and many men are showing their worth in the present crisis. They have tasted sparingly of sweet adversity, and many cannot understand. "If there's a God, this thing must stop." And if it doesn't? Then the riddle is worse than ever. God is not in His heaven; pain, suffering, war have no meaning, life has no reason. All is an unanswerable riddle, a mistake; and the poor struggling sufferers fight on, not only blind and bewildered, but dragging out an existence of unreasonable suffering, of useless hopes.

"Foolish and slow of heart to believe," are we, even when the truth is so near. Without God, this suffering-laden life is the sorriest kind of a joke. With God the sorriest sort of joke is the man who doubts His Divine Providence. You cannot have a God without infinite knowledge, infinite power, infinite love. Otherwise you have not an infinite being. Your idea of God is not filled up. God, who knows all our wants, who has power to give us any and all things, loves us with an everlasting love; and, as God must do, will give what is best for us, according to His wisdom and love. That God exists explains all things. We know that He must do all things wisely, though His thoughts be unfathomed by us.

THE LESSONS OF GOD.

BUT for the heart that has suffered, and has seen suffering, there is more than the mere perception of this truth. It knows that love was the only motive for all the things that were suffered on Calvary. It knows that love has blessed the homes of sorrow and pain, that love has fashioned this world, tear-stained by the sin of a wayward child; it knows that it is meet to suffer these things, and so to enter into glory. Gold is tried in the fire, and saints are made in suffering, where the spirit of Christ is. But where the spirit of Christ is not, there comes the fire not to try, to perfect, but to punish, and by chastizing to turn the thoughts of thoughtless men back to God. That fire is raging now. God is merciful but He is also just. For were there no justice, mercy could not be.

In justice, I return to my quondam ex-Catholic friend. He was a reason for the war, for he was part of that great system that is denying God and God's Providence. The forgetful children must be made to understand, and to welcome each rebuff. They cannot put the lights out of heaven, as Heaven is ever proving to them. My friend is not of that great system now. I had a letter from him recently. His son has gone to France. "Pray for him. God watches over him to take or to leave. . . . I saw our friend, yesterday. God bless him. . . . I often think of that night when he spoke to us of the lessons of God." Such was the trend.

PAUL SWAINE.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Red Cross Drive

THE Red Cross Christmas drive for an additional ten-million membership has been a "tremendous" success. According to the latest reports available, it has resulted in the addition of fully 16,000,000 new names to the roll of the association. Adding these to the previous membership of 6,000,000 we find that the total present enrolment of the American Red Cross is at the least 22,000,000, or more than one-fifth of the entire population of the United States. "This is a magnificent fact," says Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, "an expression not alone of the patriotism but of the fine sympathy and idealism of the whole American people."

The Chaplains Bill Before Congress

ATENTION is again called to the need of securing the appointment of an adequate number of chaplains, on the numerical basis of one to every 1,200 men. "This," says the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, "would make a permanently satisfactory arrangement, allowing for the reduction of the army to a peace footing after the war and also for the appointment of chaplains to units not now organized as regiments." The bill, to this effect, introduced into Congress at the previous session, is now before the present Congress. Every citizen interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of our boys at the front is asked to write a personal letter to his Congressman, urging him to vote "yes" on the bill. It is particularly important that religious organizations and societies of every kind throughout the land should interest themselves in the matter.

Camp Memories of Christmas

MEMORIES of the Christmas festivities still linger on in the minds of the soldiers who attended the celebrations held in the various camp buildings erected by the Knights of

Columbus. "Uncle Sam's fighting men are deeply appreciative of all that has been done for them, and it would seem that the Christmas observances in all the camps pulled the heart-strings of the men as nothing else could have done." Thus at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where 18,000 recruits were quartered, many thousands of the men, owing to the "big recruiting rush," received no other Christmas presents than those bestowed through the energy of the Catholic Women's League of St. Louis. The packages of cigarettes, fruits and candies were real treasure-trove for the soldier boys. Although the Christmas treat was given by the Catholic women of St. Louis, the gifts were freely distributed among all. "Recruits in khaki and civilian applicants of every creed, Indians, negroes, and white boys, all lined up in single column around the Christmas tree, near the stage at the front of the building, with their hats in their hands." At Camp Kearney, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang at the Christmas Mass and accompanied by her two sons, one of them in the uniform of the United States Navy, received Holy Communion with the hundreds of soldiers who approached the Sacred Table.

The New York Apostolate

APPENDED to the twenty-first annual report of the New York Apostolate is a brief summary of the work accomplished by these zealous missionaries since the establishment of their Apostolate. During that period no fewer than 756 missions were given by them to Catholics and 243 to non-Catholics. We are further informed that 198 of the missions to non-Catholics and 73 of those to Catholics were gratis. There were 768,779 confessions heard and 12,075 were instructed for the Sacraments. The number of converts made by the missionaries was 4,602. During the past year there were seventy-seven missions given and 160 converts made. Of the missions forty-six were for adults and thirty-one for children. The need of frequent missions for the spiritual renewal of parishes is everywhere deeply felt. They are the most effective means for bringing back lukewarm Catholics to the practice of their holy religion and mightily assist in confirming the more fervent people in their lives of virtue and devotion. They offer the opportunity of bringing again to the notice of all the great fundamental truths and principles of our Faith in a psychological sequence and with a concentration of purpose that can be obtained at no other time. Hence the great importance placed by the Holy See upon these missions and the effort of Protestants to copy them in their revivals. The success of the New York Apostolate and the demand for missions everywhere throughout the country are therefore most favorable signs of Catholic alertness and activity.

Bisbee Deportations and the Verdict

THE report of the President's mediation commission on the forcible deportation of over 1,000 workers from Bisbee, Ariz., in connection with the copper strike, is quoted with great satisfaction in the January number of the *Carpenter*. Particular emphasis is laid upon the severe condemnation of "those citizens of Bisbee and the officials of the two mining companies who were the instigators of the outrage." Here are the facts in their entirety as recorded by the commission:

Early on the morning of July 12 the sheriff and a large armed force, presumably to act as deputies under the sheriff's authority, comprising about 2,000 men, rounded up 1,186 men in the Warren district, put them aboard a train and carried them to Columbus, N. M. The authorities at Columbus refused to permit those in charge of the deportation to leave the men there, and the train carried them back to the desert town of Hermanas, N. M., a nearby station. The deportees were wholly without adequate supply of food

and water and shelter for two days. At Hermanas the deported men were abandoned by the guards who had brought them and they were left to shift for themselves. The situation was brought to the attention of the War Department, and on July 14 the deportees were escorted by troops to Columbus, N. M., where they were maintained by the Government until the middle of September.

The deportation was carried out under the sheriff of Cochise county. It was formally decided upon at a meeting of citizens on the night of July 11, participated in by the managers and other officials of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company (Phelps-Dodge Corporation, Copper Queen Division) and the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company. Those who planned and directed the deportation purposely abstained from consulting about their plans either with the United States attorney in Arizona or the law officers of the State or country, or their own legal advisers.

In order to carry the plans for the deportation into successful execution, the leaders in the enterprise utilized the local officers of the Bell Telephone Company and exercised, or attempted to exercise, a censorship over parts of interstate connections of both the telephone and telegraph lines in order to prevent any knowledge of the deportation reaching the outside world.

It is vain to hope for a settlement of economic difficulties by such means, which the commission defines as "wholly illegal and without authority in law, either State or Federal."

Perpetuity of the Church

IN glowing language and with unabated vigor of thought Cardinal Gibbons recently preached upon the perpetuity of the Catholic Church. Describing the world in its mighty throes of battle and unrest he pictured the Church of God as the one vision of peace and stability granted to earth:

In this general cataclysm how reassuring it is for us to contemplate the Church of God serene amid the disquiet and agitation around her, standing erect and unshaken amid the dissolution of empires and kingdoms. The indestructibility of the Catholic Church is truly marvelous and well calculated to excite the admiration of every dispassionate and reflecting mind when we consider the number and variety and the formidable power of the enemies with whom she had to contend from her very birth to the present time; this fact alone stamps divinity on her brow.

She has seen, as he says, the birth of every government in Europe and the foundation of our own republic is but as yesterday to her. She has seen "monarchies changed into republics and republics consolidated into empires, while her own Divine constitution has remained unaltered." There is no human power or astuteness that could have assured for her this unity, perpetuity and indefectibility. It was possible to the power of God alone. Here is a thought that should challenge the attention of the world today.

War Work of the Central Verein

THERE could be no better and clearer statement of our position as Catholics in any great national crisis than that contained in these words of Mgr. Bonzano, spoken over a year ago at a mass meeting of the Central Verein, and quoted by the president of the society at its last convention:

When they ask you about your loyalty and patriotism simply answer: "I am a Catholic, and according to my Gospel and my Church I must respect and love my flag and my country." I do not think it is necessary for you to say more. Just say: "We are Catholics." That covers it.

The splendid record of our Catholic colleges and parishes, and the Secretary of War's statement of September 22, estimating the number of Catholic soldiers at that time as "perhaps thirty-five per cent" of the entire enrolment, sufficiently bear out the glorious words of the Papal Delegate. The Central

Verein itself is engaged at present, in cooperation with the Catholic War Council, in a great drive that is to enable it to "adopt" a number of military chaplains. The purpose is to provide for the needs of the soldiers under the care of these priests, who can then always apply to the Central Verein for their necessary means and supplies. The smallest gift expected from every member of the society is one dollar. The Central Bureau of the Central Verein has been actively engaged since the beginning of the war in the publication and distribution of literature promoting the welfare of our troops. The latest successful venture is the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Series" under the title "Who Goes There?"

Harry Lauder on the War

A VERY optimistic view of the war is taken by Harry Lauder, whose only son, Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, lost his life in France. Telling in the *American Magazine* of the struggle through which his own soul has passed, the famous singer says:

In the days before the war, young Englishmen and Frenchmen were leading gay, careless lives, with hardly a thought for the morrow or for such shadowy things as death or a future life. "Let us live and be merry" was the cry then, but now it is all different. Because when men know that at any moment a shell may explode in their midst and blow them to shreds, or that an order may come during the night for certain regiments to make ready to go over the top at dawn, their thoughts are mostly on their God and on the life to come. And because they are all thinking of the same thing, a spiritual silence seems to come among them. The men go off by themselves and write their wills, to be delivered at home in case they do not come back, and all through the night you see silent, yet calm and peaceful faces in the dugouts, and, somehow, the religious atmosphere makes a definite impression upon you. So much so that one night an officer said to me, very quietly: "When I see the men this way, I sometimes wonder if this war was not brought about by God as the only means of making the world think of Him and His laws more often?"

The same impression is not shared by all witnesses, though Catholic priests in general speak with admiration of the devotion shown by our Catholic soldiers.

A Catholic Civil Service School

A CATHOLIC Civil Service School has for some time past been conducted in New York with the purpose of preparing candidates for the position of attendance officers. Forty permanent appointments are at present offered by the Board of Education in that city. It is an excellent plan therefore that Catholic men and women should be instructed to fit themselves for these important public functions. Additional prestige is given to the school during the present year by connecting it with the Sociological School of Fordham University as an extension course conducted at the Cathedral College Hall. Its purpose is not to offer the completely rounded sociological and social service education of the two years' course of the regular school, preparatory to the reception of the University diploma, but simply to present a series of special instructions and lessons to those who are seeking to qualify themselves for the particular civil service positions in question. Teachers, nurses, social workers, members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Big Brothers and Big Sisters, and those in hospital social service or connected with public or private institutions which are established for child welfare are particularly desirable candidates. This is evidently a progressive idea that might well be applied and carried out in our other cities in conformity with existing conditions. The classes are conducted on Monday and Thursday nights during the present year, beginning with January 14, and continuing until the applications are issued.